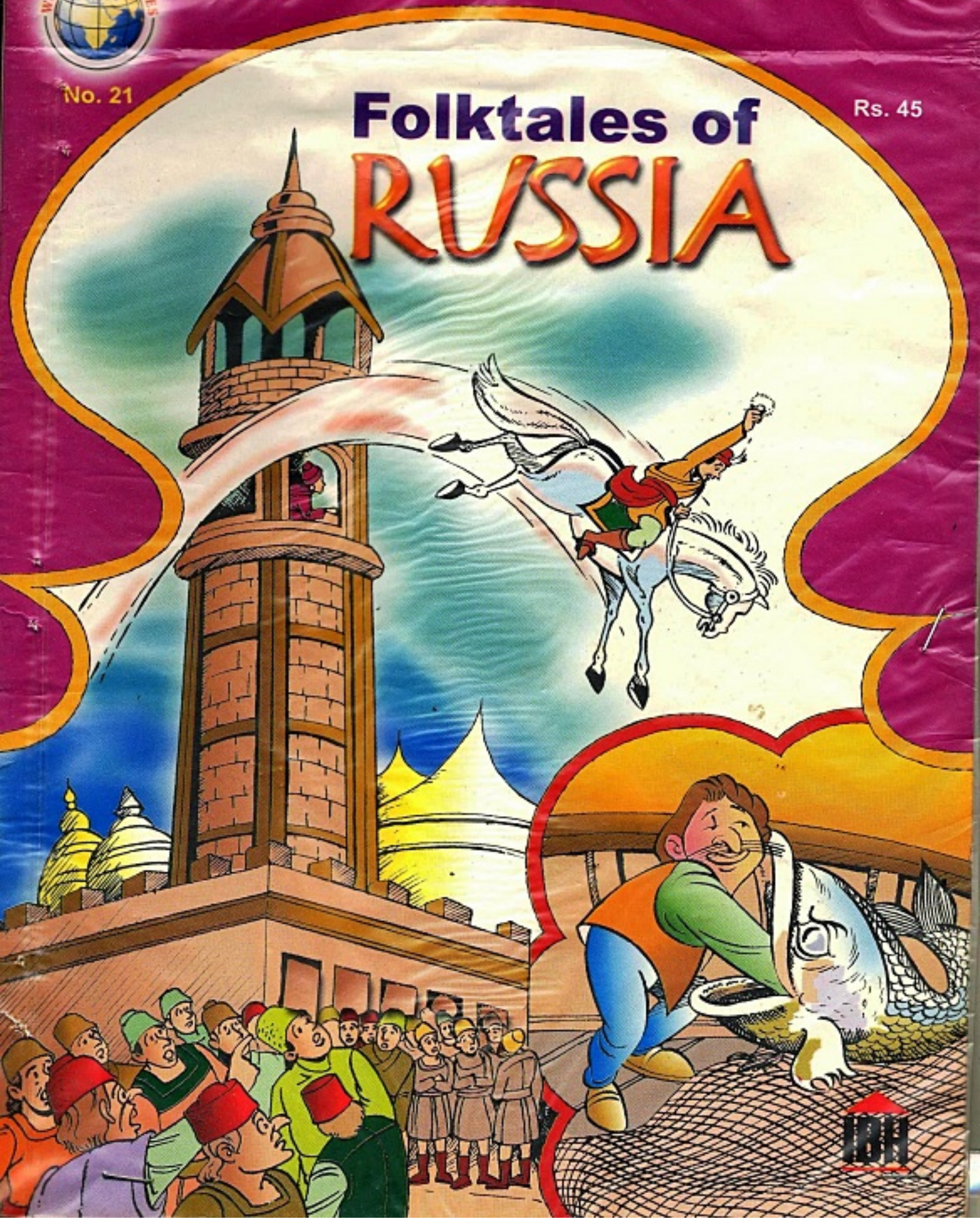
The TINKLE Collection of World Folktales

No. 21

Rs. 45

Folktales of RUSSIA



Folktales of Russia

Folktales are stories that have come down generations, for hundreds of years. They represent the culture and heritage of a people.

Russian folktales evolved during the period when Russia was ruled by Tsars and Tsarinas, much before the Soviet Union was created and dismantled. These were stories told by the peasants or 'folk'. Some of them were so powerful and impressive, like Swan Lake, The Firebird and Petrouchka, that they were set to classical music and ballet.

This collection brings together some well-known and other lesser-known stories. Here a young soldier's wit is pitted against the Tsar's, a poor farmer fools a corrupt judge, and the wicked witch, Baba Yaga, is outsmarted by a young girl. From the world's largest country, here are some of the most endearing and enduring folktales.

Editor : **Anant Pai**

© India Book House Limited, 2000

ISBN – 81 – 7508 – 286 – 0

Published by Anant Pai, for India Book House Limited, Fleet Bldg., Mathuradas Vasanji Raod, Marol Naka, Andheri (East), Mumbai – 400 059 and printed by him at Krishna Art Printery Pvt. Ltd., Unit No. B-8, Sussex Industrial Estate, Dadoji Konddeo Cross Marg, Byculla (E), Mumbai – 400 027.

THE CLEVER SOLDIER

Based on a Russion folktale

Script:
Prasad Iyer
Illustrations:
Ram Waeerkar

HMM... I WISH I HAD AN APPLE!

AN APPLE! IT WORKS! THE CAP WORKS.

BORIS WALKED ON AND SOON ARRIVED IN THE CAPITAL.
I WONDER WHAT THE COMMOTION OVER THERE IS ALL ABOUT!

...AND THE TSAR PROMISES TO GIVE THE HAND OF THE PRINCESS IN MARRIAGE TO THE ONE WHO CAN MIND A HUNDRED HARES FOR A MONTH...
THE PRINCESS' HAND IN MARRIAGE...

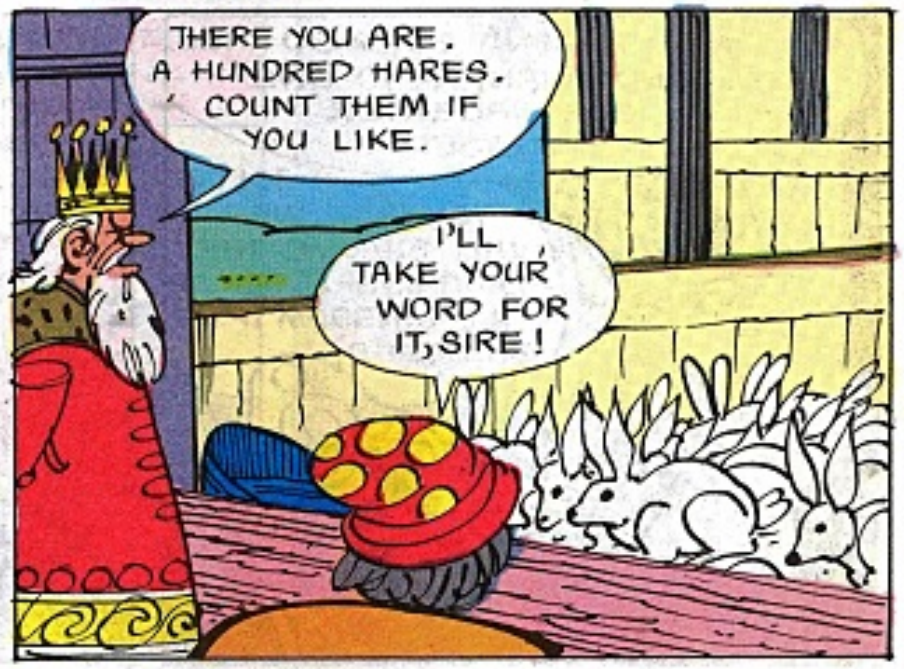
I'D BETTER RUN TO THE PALACE BEFORE THE OTHERS GET THERE.

OH, NO! I'M TOO LATE!

IT'S NOT GOING TO BE EASY! HOW CAN ONE PERSON MIND A HUNDRED HARES!
YOU'RE RIGHT!
LOOKS LIKE THERE'S STILL A CHANCE FOR ME!

YOUR MAJESTY, I'VE COME TO TRY FOR THE PRINCESS' HAND...
SO I SEE. BUT REMEMBER— EVEN IF ONE HARE ESCAPES YOU'LL BE BANISHED FOR LIFE!

I'LL TAKE THAT CHANCE, YOUR MAJESTY.
COME WITH ME THEN!


THERE YOU ARE. A HUNDRED HARES. COUNT THEM IF YOU LIKE.
I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT, SIRE!

A SLOPPY LOT! THEY COULD DO WITH A BIT OF MILITARY DISCIPLINE!
ATTENTION!

FORM UP! QUICK MARCH!
I...I... DON'T BELIEVE IT!

AND SO EVERY DAY BORIS WOULD LINE UP THE HARES AND TAKE THEM OUT TO THE FIELDS. IN THE EVENING HE WOULD RETURN THEM TO THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE.

THE DAYS SWIFTLY PASSED. AND THE TSAR AND TSARINA BEGAN TO HAVE SECOND THOUGHTS.
WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE HE IS GOING TO WIN.
I CAN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF OUR DAUGHTER MARRYING A COMMON SOLDIER.

I... I WISH I HADN'T BEEN SO RASH. BUT I ONLY WANTED TO GIVE OUR DAUGHTER A JOLT.
A JOLT? YOU DOLT, WE WILL BECOME THE LAUGHING-STOCK OF THE KINGDOM IF HE SUCCEEDS.

NEVER MIND, I HAVE A PLAN TO THWART HIM... LISTEN... BZZZ... BZZZ...
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA. BUT I MUST ACT FAST. THERE ARE JUST TWO DAYS LEFT FOR THE MONTH TO END.

AND SO THE TSAR DISGUISED HIMSELF AS A SHEPHERD AND MADE HIS WAY TO THE MEADOW WHERE THE HARES WERE GRAZING.
GOOD DAY, MY YOUNG FRIEND, THAT'S A FINE BAND OF HARES! WILL YOU SELL ME ONE? I'LL GIVE YOU A HANDSOME PRICE.
AT! IT'S THE TSAR HIMSELF. YOU CAN'T FOOL ME, OLD MAN. HEE HEE!

WHAT COULD A TRAMP LIKE YOU PAY ME!
ME! A TRAMP! HOW DARE YOU...

TELL YOU WHAT... I'LL LET YOU HAVE ONE. IF YOU'LL DO SOMETHING FOR ME.
WHAT?

GO AND FETCH ME SOME WATER FROM THAT STREAM, FIRST.
HOW DARE YOU ORDER ME...

ER...I MEAN ... YES, SIR.

THE TSAR TOTTERED TO THE STREAM, FILLED THE BUCKET AND STAGGERED BACK.
OOH! IT'S HEAVY! BUT I MUST GET HOLD OF A HARE FOR... FOR MY DAUGHTER'S SAKE!

WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG, YOU LAZY RASCAL.

COME ON NOW. WASH MY FEET!
WHAT!

OR ELSE YOU WON'T GET YOUR HARE!
GRR! THE RASCAL...

THE TSAR SWALLOWED HIS PRIDE AND WASHED BORIS' FEET.
IT'S SO HUMILIATING! ME, A TSAR, WASHING A PEASANT'S FEET.
AH! THAT'S BETTER.

HERE! TAKE YOUR HARE AND BE OFF!
HEE! HEE! YOU'VE FALLEN INTO THE TRAP, YOU ROGUE!

THE TSAR HURRIED TO THE PALACE. AS HE NEARED THE GATES HE OPENED THE BAG TO LOOK AT THE HARE AND —
HEY! HEY! COME BACK!

WHAT HAPPENED! DID YOU GET THE HARE?
I DID! BUT I FOOLISHLY OPENED THE BAG TO SEE IF IT WAS THERE AND IT LEAPED OUT AND FLED BACK TO THE PASTURE.

OH NO! TRUST YOU TO MAKE A MESS OF THINGS.
WELL, TOMORROW IS THE LAST DAY OF THE MONTH. THIS TIME I SHALL GO TO THAT FELLOW AND BRING BACK A HARE.

THE NEXT DAY THE TSARINA DISGUISED HERSELF AS A PEASANT WOMAN AND SET OUT TO THE PASTURE WHERE BORIS WAS GRAZING THE HARES.
AH, THERE HE IS!

GOOD DAY, MY GOOD MAN. I STOPPED TO ASK YOU IF YOU WILL SELL ME ONE OF THOSE HARES.
HMMM... YOUR HANDS ARE TOO GENTLE TO BELONG TO A PEASANT. WHY IT'S THE TSARINA HERSELF.

THEY'RE NOT FOR SALE BUT I'LL GIVE YOU ONE IF YOU WILL WASH MY COAT AND MAKE ME A BOWL OF SOUP.
NO! I WON'T!

IN THAT CASE YOU'LL HAVE TO DO WITHOUT THE HARE.
ERR... NOW DON'T BE TOO HASTY. WHAT I MEANT WAS THAT I DON'T MIND WASHING YOUR COAT...

... AND MAKING ME A BOWL OF SOUP.
YES, YES, I'LL DO THAT TOO.
PHEW! HIS COAT STINKS!

THE POOR TSARINA BEGAN TO WASH BORIS' COAT. UNACCUSTOMED TO HARD WORK, HER HANDS SOON BECAME RED AND RAW.

A FEW HOURS LATER—
YOUR COAT AND THE SOUP.
I SAY, THAT'S MARVELLOUS! THE COAT LOOKS AS GOOD AS NEW.

AND THE SOUP IS DELICIOUS.
(GRR) WHAT ABOUT MY HARE?

AH, YES! TAKE THIS ONE.
HEE! HEE! YOU'VE SWALLOWED THE BAIT, YOU FOOL.

THE TSARINA TOOK THE HARE AND RUSHED TO THE PALACE.
LOOK! I HAVE IT! OUR DAUGHTER IS SAVED!
WONDERFUL! YOU'RE SO CLEVER!

TINKLE

I'M SO HAPPY OUR DAUGHTER IS SAVED. I FEEL LIKE HAVING A CELEBRATION.
LET'S HAVE A BANQUET.
THAT'S A GREAT IDEA.

AND SO—

PHEW! IT'S HOT IN HERE. I'LL OPEN THE WINDOWS.
NO, DON'T!

BUT THE TSAR HAD ALREADY OPENED THE WINDOW. AND THE MOMENT HE DID SO —
HEY!
OH, NO! YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN.

THE HARE RAN BACK TO BORIS.
AH, SO YOU'VE COME! IT'S TIME WE RETURNED TO THE PALACE.

LEFT RIGHT! LEFT RIGHT!

YOUR MAJESTY, HERE ARE THE HUNDRED HARES ALL PRESENT AND CORRECT.

AND NOW, MAY I HAVE THE HONOUR OF ASKING FOR YOUR DAUGHTER'S HAND IN MARRIAGE?
HMM... BUT FIRST YOU MUST PROVE YOURSELF WORTHY OF HER.

BUT I ALREADY HAVE. I TOOK CARE OF YOUR HARES FOR ONE LONG MONTH AND...
PAH! ANY SHEPHERD COULD DO THAT!

ALL RIGHT! WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?
I WANT YOU TO FILL THESE THREE SACKS WITH WORDS. ONLY THEN WILL YOU BE WORTHY OF THE PRINCESS' HAND.

BUT... BUT!
NOW LET HIM GET OUT OF THAT!

BORIS OPENED THE NECK OF THE FIRST SACK AND BEGAN TO NARRATE HIS ADVENTURES...
BLAH BLAH... I TOOK THE HARES TO THE PASTURE...

AND THEN THE TSAR CAME THERE DISGUISED AS A PEASANT AND AT MY COMMAND HE...
THAT'S ENOUGH!

BUT THE SACK ISN'T FULL YET.
OH, YES, IT IS!
IF YOU SAY SO.

PHEW! ANOTHER SECOND AND THE ROGUE WILL HAVE REVEALED HOW I WASHED HIS FEET!
YOU STILL HAVE TWO MORE SACKS TO FILL.

AND THE NEXT DAY THE TSARINA CAME THERE DISGUISED AS A...
STOP, STOP! THE BAG IS FULL.

BUT I'VE SPOKEN ONLY A FEW WORDS.
THAT'S ENOUGH, I SAID!

AND SHE MADE ME A...
ENOUGH!

ANOTHER SECOND AND HE WILL HAVE REVEALED HOW I WASHED HIS COAT AND MADE HIM SOUP.
YOUR MAJESTY, I HAVE CARRIED OUT YOUR COMMANDS...

YES, YES, THE PRINCESS WILL BE YOUR BRIDE, I PROMISE THAT.
OH, GOOD!
AND THE TSAR KEPT HIS WORD. A FEW DAYS LATER BORIS AND THE PRINCESS WERE MARRIED AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

THE MAGIC BIRCH TREE

A RUSSIAN FOLKTALE

Script:
Ava Verma

Illustrations:
Ram Waeerkar

I'LL SEND THE TWIGS.

THE MAN RETURNED HOME TO FIND HIS YARD FULL OF TWIGS AND WOOD CHIPS, BUT—
YOU SILLY OLD MAN... WHY DIDN'T YOU ASK FOR FIREWOOD... WE'LL NEED IT IN WINTER.

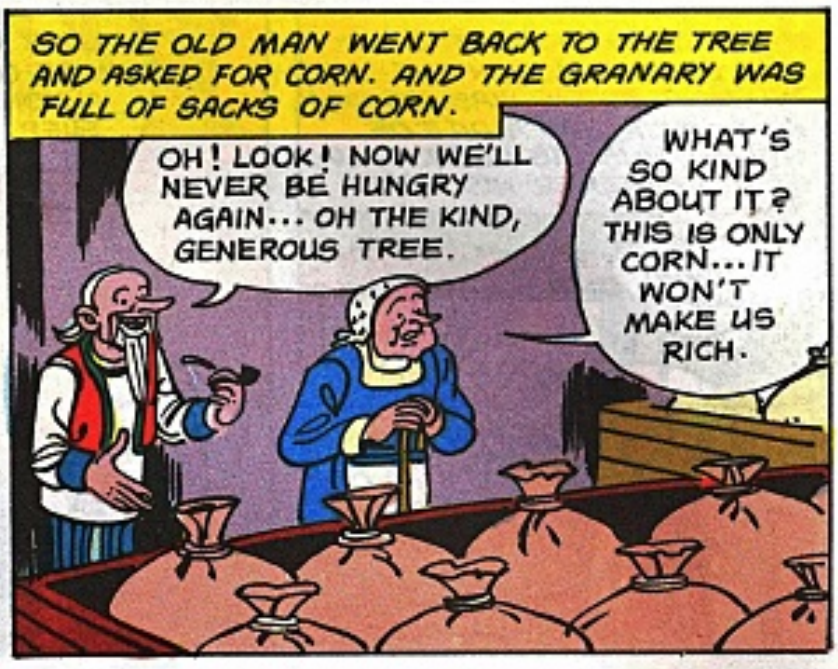
GO BACK TO THE TREE. AND ASK FOR LOGS THIS TIME.

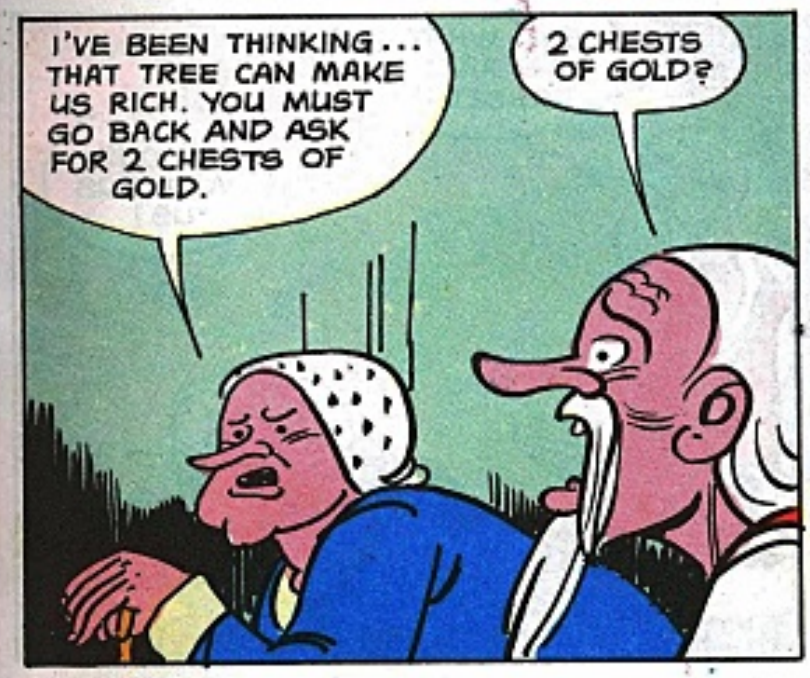
THE OLD MAN WENT BACK TO THE TREE.
PLEASE, DON'T BE ANGRY. SHE SAYS THE TWIGS ARE NOT GOOD ENOUGH...

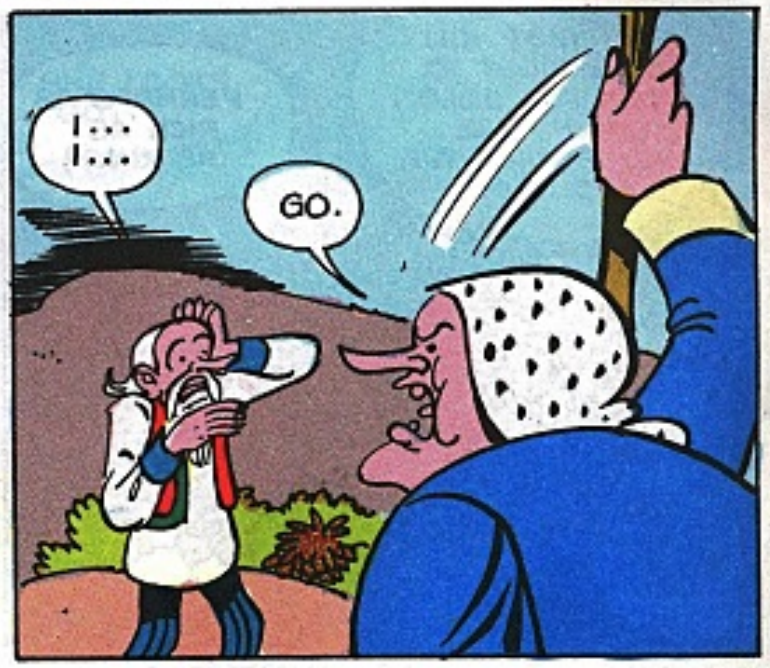
SHE WANTS LOGS FOR THE FIREPLACE.
GO HOME OLD MAN... THE LOGS ARE ALREADY IN YOUR SHED.

AND THEY WERE. NEATLY STACKED IN ROWS.

BUT THE OLD WOMAN WAS STILL NOT SATISFIED—
WHAT GOOD IS WOOD WITHOUT FOOD TO EAT? GO AND ASK THE TREE FOR SOME FLOUR FOR BREAD.
YES, DEAR... AT ONCE ... AT ONCE.


SO THE OLD MAN WENT BACK TO THE TREE AND ASKED FOR CORN. AND THE GRANARY WAS FULL OF SACKS OF CORN.
OH! LOOK! NOW WE'LL NEVER BE HUNGRY AGAIN... OH THE KIND, GENEROUS TREE.
WHAT'S SO KIND ABOUT IT? THIS IS ONLY CORN... IT WON'T MAKE US RICH.


I'VE BEEN THINKING... THAT TREE CAN MAKE US RICH. YOU MUST GO BACK AND ASK FOR 2 CHESTS OF GOLD.
2 CHESTS OF GOLD?


I... I...
GO.

WHAT IS IT OLD FRIEND? WHAT DOES SHE WANT NOW? COME TELL ME...
GOLD.

TWO CHESTS OF GOLD.
GO HOME... THE GOLD IS ALREADY THERE.

WHEN HE GOT HOME AND LOOKED IN THROUGH THE WINDOW, THERE WAS HIS WIFE, COUNTING A PILE OF GOLD COINS. AS HE WATCHED, GREED ENTERED HIS HEART TOO —
SO MUCH GOLD.

LOOK OLD MAN! MORE GOLD THAN ANYONE HAS EVER SEEN!

DIDN'T I TELL YOU THAT TREE COULD MAKE US RICH.

YES! YES! YOU WERE RIGHT TO ASK FOR GOLD. NOW WE ARE RICHER THAN THE LANDLORD.
PERHAPS AS RICH AS THE KING!

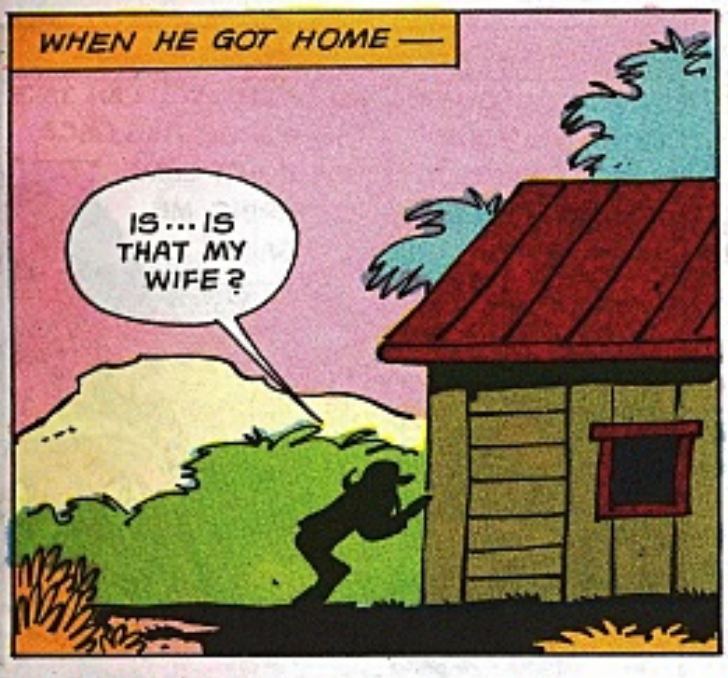
BUT WHAT IF WE ARE ROBBED?
NO ONE WILL ROB US!

I HAVE A PLAN. YOU MUST GO BACK TO THE TREE.

THE OLD MAN WENT BACK TO THE TREE.
GOOD FRIEND, WE NEED YOUR HELP TO KEEP OUR GOLD SAFE. WE WANT YOU TO MAKE US LOOK UGLY AND FEROCIOUS, SO THAT EVERYONE WILL BE FRIGHTENED AND KEEP AWAY. THAT WAY OUR WEALTH WILL BE SAFE.

ARE YOU SURE OLD MAN... IS THAT WHAT YOU REALLY WANT? TO KEEP PEOPLE AWAY? TO BE ALONE?
YES.

GO. YOUR WISH HAS BEEN GRANTED.


WHEN HE GOT HOME —
IS... IS THAT MY WIFE?

SHE LOOKS SO...

...AAH, WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME... I... OWW... GROWL!!
THE TREE HAD GRANTED THEM THEIR WISH. THE COUPLE NOW LOOKED UGLY AND FEROCIOUS...

...THEY HAD TURNED INTO BEARS!
GROWWL!
GROWL!! GROWL!! GROWL!!

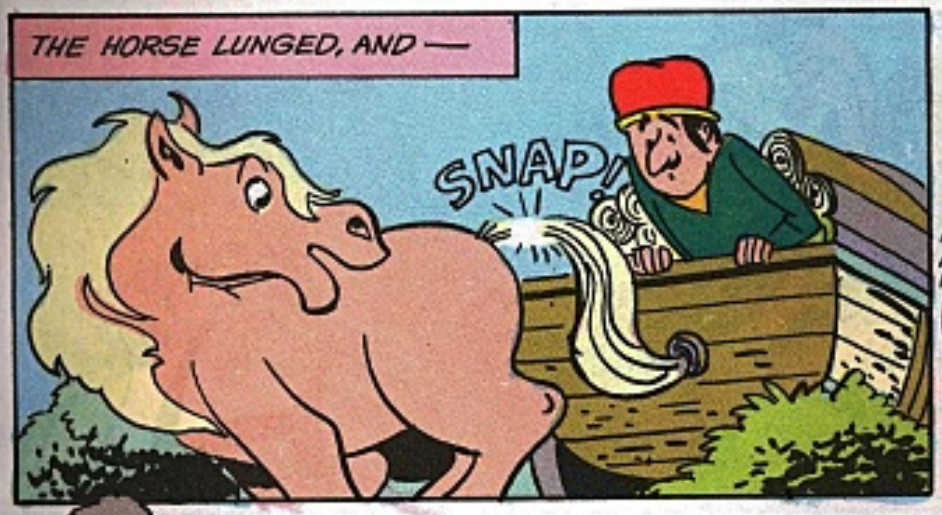
Forced Justice

A Russian Folktale

Script: Prasad Iyer

Illustrations: V.B. Halbe

SO THE FARMER TIED THE HORSE'S TAIL TO THE CART.
GIDDAP! GIDDAP!
NEIGGH


THE HORSE LUNGED, AND —
SNAP!

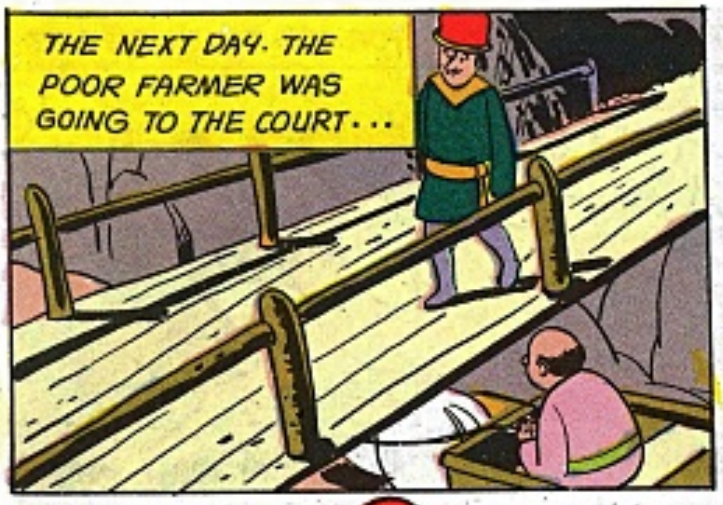
OH, NO! HIS TAIL'S COME OFF! MY NEIGHBOUR WILL HAVE MY HIDE FOR THIS!

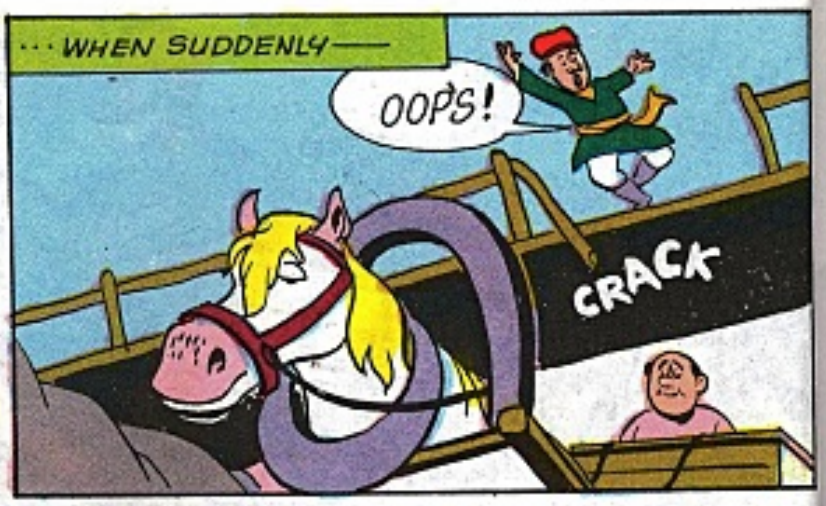
AND SURE ENOUGH —
YOU...YOU...BLUNDERING FOOL! YOU'VE RUINED MY HORSE. DON'T THINK I WILL LEAVE IT AT THAT.
I...I...I'LL PAY FOR THE TAIL.

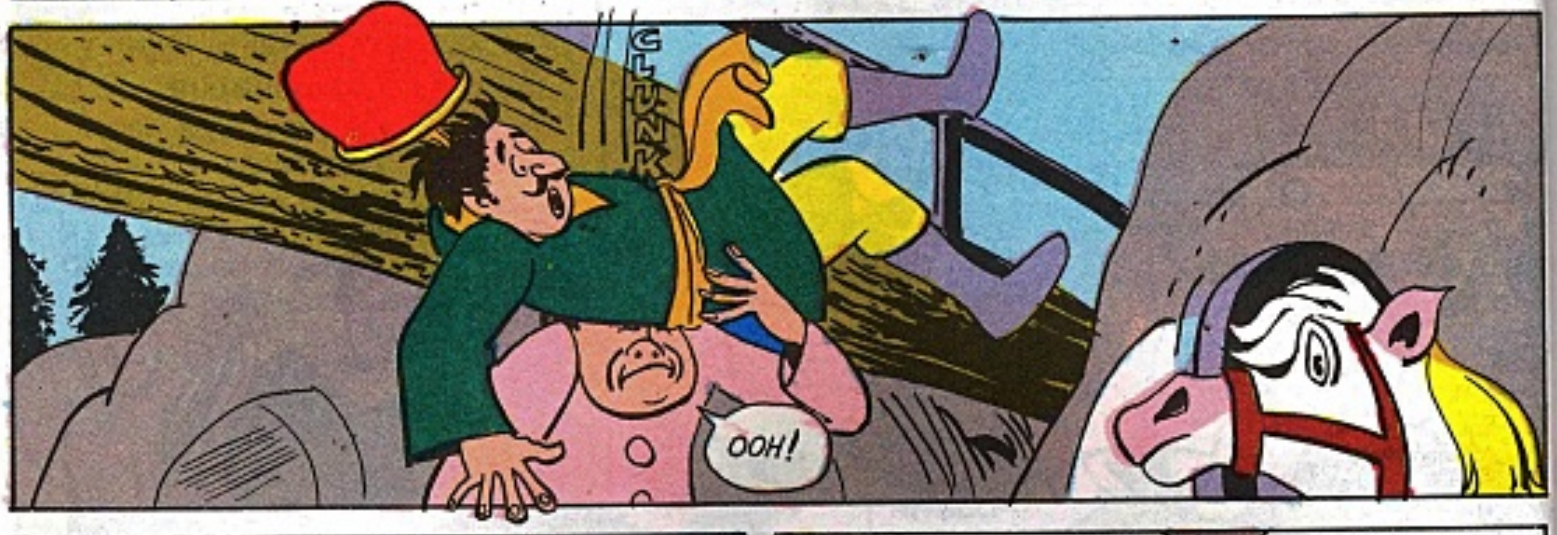
I DON'T WANT YOUR MONEY. I'LL SEE THAT YOU'RE PUNISHED HEAVILY.

THE RICH FARMER WENT TO THE JUDGE AND LODGED A COMPLAINT.
SUMMON THE OTHER FARMER TO THE COURT TOMORROW!
HEE HEE! THAT OUGHT TO TEACH HIM A LESSON! SNAP OFF MY HORSE'S TAIL, WILL HE!

THE JUDGE'S SUMMONS WERE DELIVERED.
OH, NO! I KNOW THE JUDGE. HE'S A CORRUPT MAN AND HE'LL FINE ME HEAVILY, I'M SURE OF IT!


THE NEXT DAY· THE POOR FARMER WAS GOING TO THE COURT···


···WHEN SUDDENLY——
OOPS!
CRACK


GLUNK
OOH!

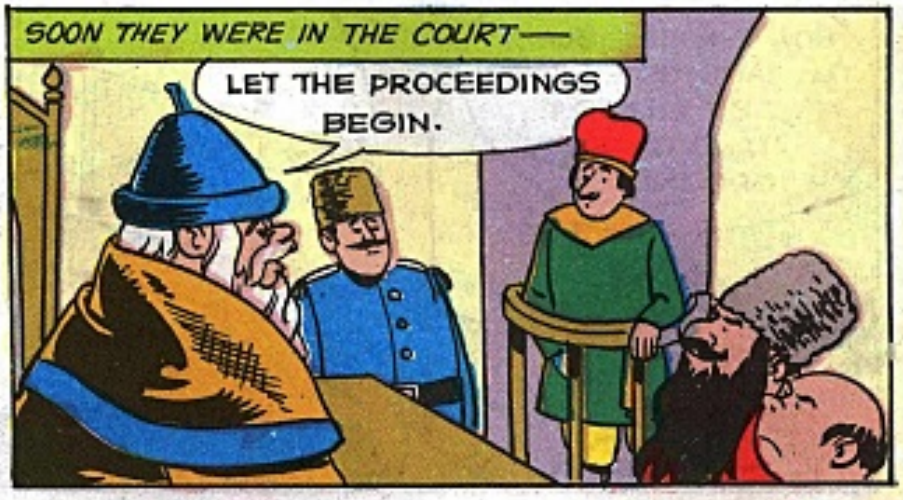
YOU SCOUNDREL! TRIED TO MURDER ME, EH? COME WITH ME TO THE COURT!
BUT...BUT IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!

I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANYTHING! LET THE JUDGE DECIDE IN THE COURT!
OH, WELL! I WAS GOING THERE ANYWAY! I MIGHT AS WELL RIDE IN YOUR CART.

THEY'LL CAST ME INTO PRISON FOR LIFE OR EVEN HANG ME.

IN ANY CASE IF THE JUDGE RULES UNFAIRLY, I'LL KNOCK HIM OUT WITH THIS ROCK···

...I MIGHT AS WELL BE HANGED FOR A SHEEP AS FOR A LAMB.


SOON THEY WERE IN THE COURT—
LET THE PROCEEDINGS BEGIN.

THE RICH FARMER AND THE CARTMAN STARTED COMPLAINING—
...(BLAH)...(BLAH) ...(BLAH)...
JUDGE AWAY, JUDGE! BUT SEE WHAT I HAVE IN MY POCKET!

EH! WHY DOES THAT PEASANT KEEP POINTING TO HIS POCKET? COULD IT BE GOLD COINS THAT HE HAS THERE?
PERHAPS HE WANTS TO GIVE THEM TO ME.

I WOULDN'T MIND EVEN IF THEY WERE SILVER COINS! I MUST NOT JUDGE THIS CASE HASTILY!

ENOUGH! I HAVE COME TO A DECISION! LET THE POOR FARMER KEEP THE TAILLESS HORSE TILL IT GROWS A NEW TAIL!
EH! BUT I NEED IT TO PLOUGH MY FIELDS!

AND YOU... YOU WILL HAVE TO LEAP ON THIS MAN FROM THE SAME BRIDGE AND TRY TO LAND ON HIS HEAD!
BUT...BUT...

HOW CAN I BE SURE I'LL LAND ON HIS HEAD! I'LL BE KILLED IF I LAND ON THE GROUND!
THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM, NOT MINE!

BUT... BUT...
ENOUGH! THE CASE IS CLOSED!

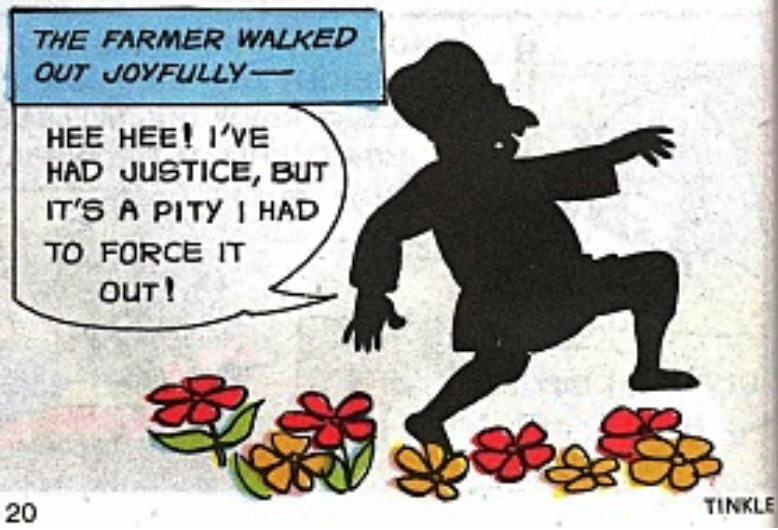
LISTEN! I'LL GIVE YOU A HUNDRED COINS! BUT JUST RETURN THE HORSE!
I'LL GIVE YOU THE SAME AMOUNT BUT DON'T FORCE ME TO LEAP FROM THAT BRIDGE.
ALL RIGHT.

THE JUDGE CALLED HIM ASIDE —
NOW LET ME SEE WHAT YOU HAVE IN YOUR POCKET!
SURE.

A ROCK!
YES, A ROCK! IF YOU HAD RULED OTHERWISE I WOULD HAVE FLUNG THIS ROCK AT YOUR HEAD!

IT'S A GOOD THING I JUDGED THE WAY I DID OR I WOULD NOT BE ALIVE NOW!

YOU MAY GO, YOU SCOUNDREL!


THE FARMER WALKED OUT JOYFULLY —
HEE HEE! I'VE HAD JUSTICE, BUT IT'S A PITY I HAD TO FORCE IT OUT!

THE MAGIC HORSE

A Russian Folktale

Script: H. Sabiwala
Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

THAT NIGHT —
IT'S SO QUIET OUT HERE. THE WORLD'S SO DIFFERENT AT NIGHT.

SUDDENLY —
WHAT'S HAPPENING! THE GROUND IS SHAKING UNDER MY FEET. AND WHAT'S THAT GLOW?

IT'S COMING NEARER... OH, IT'S A HORSE! WHAT A MAGNIFICENT BEAST!

LEO THREW A ROPE OVER THE HORSE'S HEAD...!

...AND JUMPED ON ITS BACK.
GOT YOU!

PLEASE LET ME GO.
A TALKING HORSE!

PLEASE LET ME GO. I'LL HELP YOU WHEN YOU'RE IN NEED.
WELL AND GOOD. BUT IF I LET YOU GO WHERE WILL I FIND YOU?

COME TO THIS FIELD AND WHISTLE THROUGH YOUR FINGERS THREE TIMES AND CALL OUT: CHESTNUT-GREY, HEAR AND OBEY!" AND I'LL COME AT ONCE.

NO. I DON'T WANT YOU TO TRAMPLE UPON MY FATHER'S WHEAT AGAIN. COME TO AN OPEN SPACE WHERE THERE IS NO CROP.
ALL RIGHT.

NEXT MORNING—
WELL, DID YOU CATCH THE CULPRIT?
YES, FATHER. IT WAS A HORSE.

A HORSE, EH? AND WHERE IS IT?

I LET IT GO, FATHER. IT PROMISED NOT TO EAT OR TRAMPLE THE WHEAT AGAIN.
YOU DID WELL. NOW GET SOME SLEEP, SON.

A FEW DAYS LATER THE TSAR MADE AN ANNOUNCEMENT—
COME, NOBLEMEN AND PEASANT FOLK, TO SEE THE TSAR'S DAUGHTER, ANNA, THE BEAUTIFUL. SHE SITS AT THE WINDOW OF HER HIGH TOWER. HE WHO CAN GO UP TO HER ON HIS STEED AND TAKE THE PRECIOUS RING FROM HER FINGER WILL MARRY HER.

BROTHER, DID YOU HEAR?
YES. BUT WHAT OF IT?

YOU COULD GIVE ME THAT OLD HORSE IN OUR STABLE AND LET ME TRY TO WIN THE PRINCESS' HAND.
YOU!
HA HA HA!

HIS BROTHERS REFUSED TO GIVE HIM THE HORSE. BUT LEO WAS OBSESSED WITH THE IDEA OF WINNING THE PRINCESS' HAND—
I MUST GET A HORSE SOMEHOW.

THEN HE REMEMBERED –
THE CHESTNUT-GREY! HE SAID HE WOULD HELP ME!

LEO HURRIED TO AN OPEN SPACE –
CHESTNUT-GREY, HEAR AND OBEY!

SOON –
WHAT DO YOU WISH?

WHEN LEO TOLD HIM WHAT HE WANTED –
I'LL HELP YOU. BUT FIRST WE MUST TURN YOU INTO A NOBLE YOUTH. CLOSE YOUR EYES AND SAY: CHESTNUT-GREY, CHANGE ME INTO A HANDSOME YOUTH.

WHEN LEO SAID THE MAGIC WORDS –
I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES!

COME ON, CHESTNUT-GREY. WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LOVELY TIME!
WHY, THERE GO MY BROTHERS. WELL! GOOD LUCK TO THEM!

A LARGE CROWD HAD COLLECTED OUTSIDE THE TSAR'S PALACE –
THERE IS THE PRINCESS ANNA!
ISN'T SHE BEAUTIFUL?

LOOK AT THE RING ON HER FINGER. IT SHINES LIKE A SMALL SUN!

HAS ANYBODY TRIED TO REACH THE PRINCESS AS YET?
NO-

THEN YOU CAN HAVE THE HONOUR OF BEING THE FIRST, BROTHER.
WATCH ME.

OH, WHAT A POOR JUMP!

I'LL DO BETTER THAN THAT.

BUT-
HEY!

NO HORSE COULD EVER LEAP HIGH ENOUGH TO ...
THERE'S ANOTHER CONTESTANT!

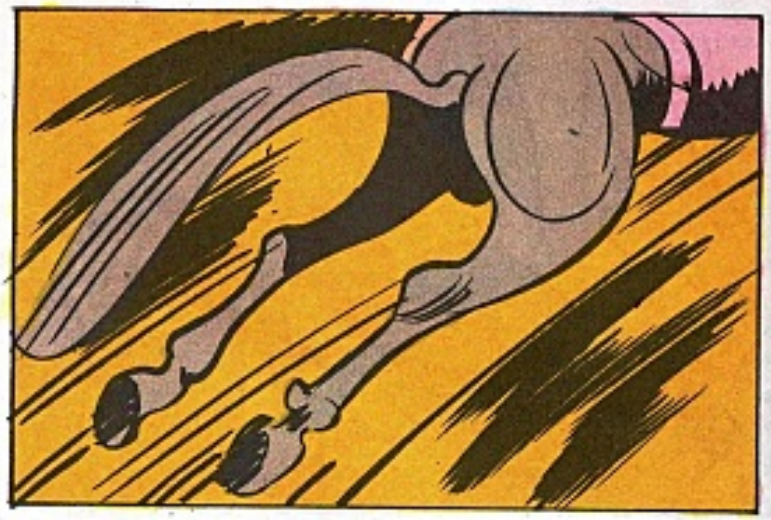
UNBELIEVABLE!

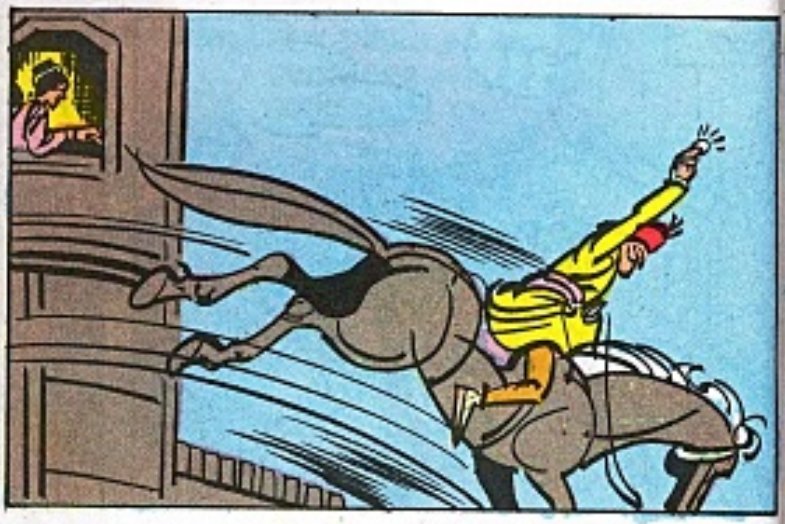
THE MYSTERIOUS RIDER WAS NONE OTHER THAN LEO. BUT AS HE REACHED FOR THE PRINCESS' RING A COLD WIND BLEW FROM THE NORTH...

... AND THE PRINCESS PUT HER HAND TO HER MOUTH AS SHE COUGHED.

HE MISSED IT.

LOOK, HE'S COMING BACK FOR A SECOND TRY!





HE'S GOT IT! HE HAS GOT THE RING!

HE IS RIDING AWAY! WHY IS HE NOT STAYING TO CLAIM THE PRINCESS' HAND?

HOW COULD I MARRY A PRINCESS, CHESTNUT?
WHY NOT?

YOU HAVE WON HER FAIRLY, HAVE YOU NOT?
ANYWAY, DO NOT DESPAIR. EVERYTHING WILL TURN OUT WELL.

YOU WILL NOT NEED ME ANY MORE. SO FAREWELL.

THREE DAYS LATER THE TSAR MADE AN ANNOUNCEMENT.
EVERYONE IN THE LAND IS ASKED TO ATTEND THE BANQUET AT THE TSAR'S PALACE. IF ANYONE DISOBEYS, THE TSAR WILL HAVE HIM BEHEADED!

DID YOU HEAR THAT, BROTHER?
YES. WELL, THIS TIME WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE OUR BROTHER LEO, THE FOOL.

AT THE PALACE, ANNA MADE THE ROUNDS OF THE GUESTS.

WHEN SHE CAME TO LEO—
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HAND? WHY HAVE YOU BANDAGED IT?
I...ER...I HURT MYSELF. THERE WAS A THORN IN THE FIELD AND...

TAKE THE CLOTH OFF AND SHOW ME.
SHE'S AS KIND AS SHE'S BEAUTIFUL
WELL, IT'S NOTHING. JUST A...
OOO

THE RING!
W-WHAT?

SO, YOU'RE THE ONE. COME, I'LL TAKE YOU TO MY FATHER.

FATHER, HERE'S THE BOY WHO'LL BE MY HUSBAND!
AH, WHAT A HANDSOME YOUNG MAN YOU'VE SELECTED!

HURRAY!
PREPARE FOR THE WEDDING!

I ALWAYS KNEW THAT LEO WOULD BRING GLORY TO THE FAMILY.
SO DID I.

IF WE WERE HARSH ON HIM IT IS BECAUSE WE LOVE HIM AND...
OH, SHUT UP YOU TWO!

AND TRY BEING A LITTLE NICER TO PEOPLE!

A FEW DAYS LATER, ANNA AND LEO CELEBRATED THEIR WEDDING AT THE TSAR'S PALACE. AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

THE FIREBIRD

—A RUSSIAN FOLKTALE

Script:
Adil Rangoonwala

Illustrations:
V.B. Halbe

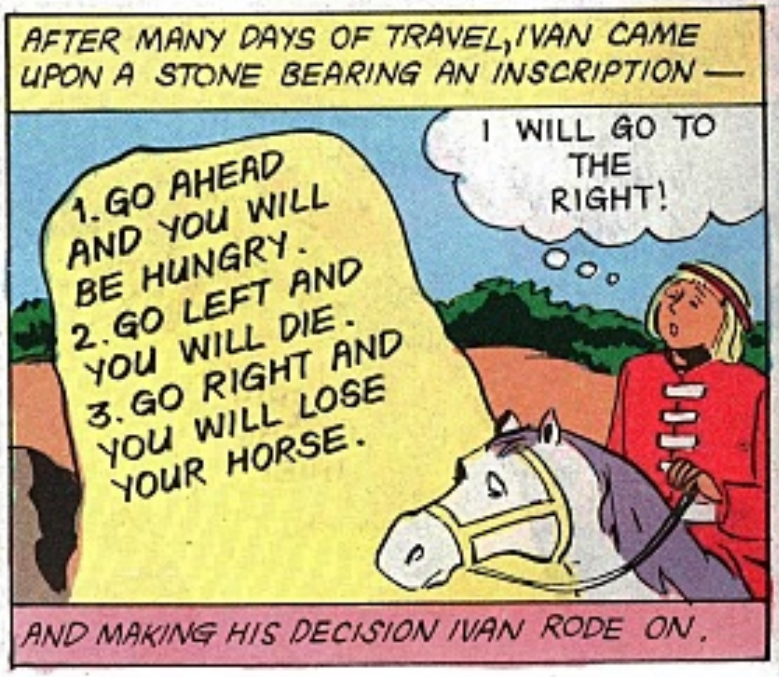
IVAN MADE A GRAB AT THE BIRD...

...BUT GOT ONLY A FEATHER.

NEXT MORNING—
THIS IS THE FEATHER OF THE FIREBIRD.

WHOEVER GETS ME THE FIREBIRD SHALL GET HALF MY KINGDOM.
FATHER, WE WILL GET IT FOR YOU.
THE TWO BROTHERS LEFT IMMEDIATELY—

FATHER, I TOO WANT TO GO IN SEARCH OF THE FIREBIRD.
GO, MY SON! AND MAY FORTUNE FAVOUR YOU!


AFTER MANY DAYS OF TRAVEL, IVAN CAME UPON A STONE BEARING AN INSCRIPTION—
1. GO AHEAD AND YOU WILL BE HUNGRY.
2. GO LEFT AND YOU WILL DIE.
3. GO RIGHT AND YOU WILL LOSE YOUR HORSE.
I WILL GO TO THE RIGHT!
AND MAKING HIS DECISION IVAN RODE ON.

SUDDENLY—
AAAAAAAAH!

YOU FRIGHTENED MY HORSE!
NEVER MIND! I, GREYWOLF, WILL CARRY YOU WHEREVER YOU WISH TO GO.

I SEEK THE FIREBIRD! IT HAS STOLEN GOLDEN APPLES FROM OUR GARDEN.
THE FIREBIRD BELONGS TO THE TSAR AFRON. I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIS CASTLE.

SEVERAL DAYS LATER —
HERE WE ARE. YOU WILL HAVE TO CLIMB OVER THE WALL.

CATCH THE BIRD ONLY WHEN IT IS OUT OF ITS CAGE. ON NO ACCOUNT MUST YOU TOUCH THE CAGE!
I'LL REMEMBER THAT!

BUT AS SOON AS IVAN SAW THE FIREBIRD HE FORGOT GREYWOLF'S ADVICE AND GRABBED THE CAGE...

...WHICH IMMEDIATELY SET OFF AN ALARM.
CAUGHT YOU, YOU. THIEF!

IVAN WAS TAKEN BEFORE TSAR AFRON.
COME TO STEAL MY MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSION, EH?
IT STOLE THE GOLDEN APPLES FROM MY FATHER'S GARDEN.

I LIKE YOUR COURAGE. I'LL MAKE A DEAL WITH YOU.

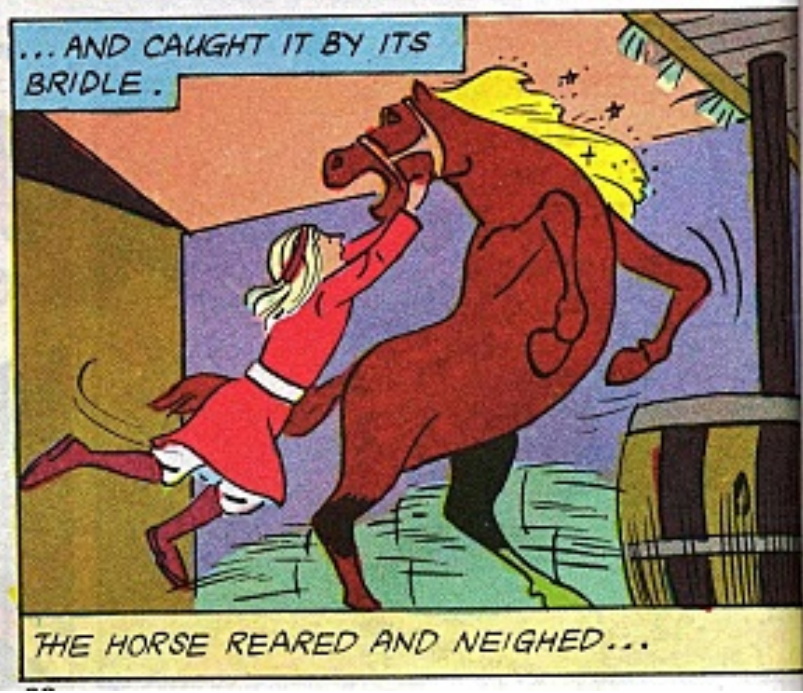
GET ME THE HORSE WITH THE GOLDEN MANE AND I WILL GIVE YOU THE FIREBIRD.

IVAN WENT BACK TO GREYWOLF AND SOUGHT HIS HELP FOR THE SECOND TASK.
THE HORSE WITH THE GOLDEN MANE BELONGS TO TSAR KUSMAN.
THEN TAKE ME TO HIS CASTLE!

WITHIN A FEW DAYS—
TSAR KUSMAN'S CASTLE!
YOU WILL FIND THE HORSE IN THE STABLES AT THE REAR OF THE CASTLE.

THE HORSE WILL FOLLOW ANYONE WHO STROKES ITS MANE. ON NO ACCOUNT MUST YOU TOUCH ITS BRIDLE.
I'LL REMEMBER THAT.

BUT WHEN IVAN SET EYES ON THE MAGNIFICENT HORSE HE BECAME SO EXCITED THAT HE FORGOT GREYWOLF'S ADVICE ...

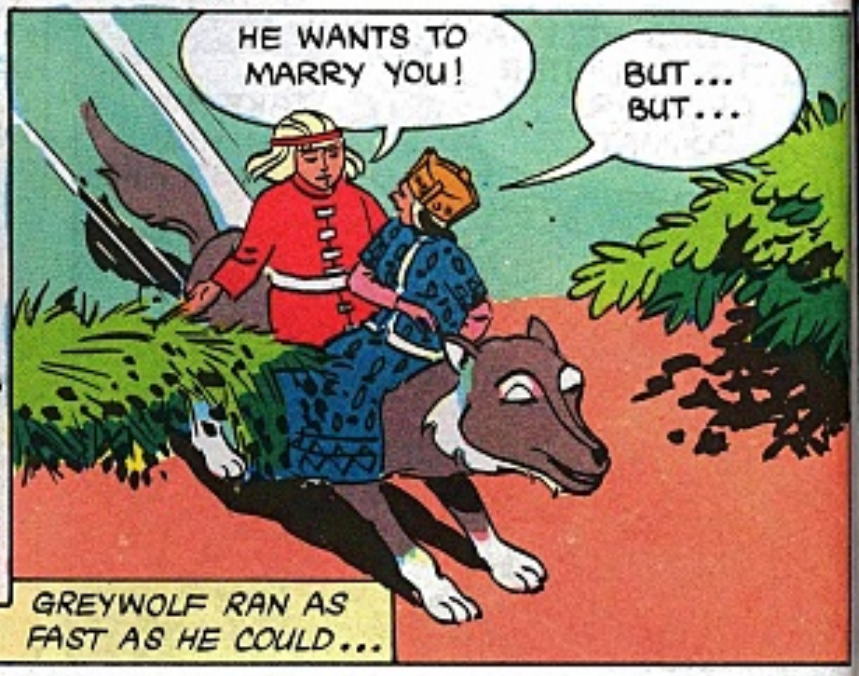

... AND CAUGHT IT BY ITS BRIDLE.
THE HORSE REARED AND NEIGHED...

THE GUARDS CAME RUNNING IN AND HELD IVAN. SOON, HE WAS STANDING BEFORE TSAR KUSMAN—
YOU ARE CERTAINLY VERY BRAVE. I AM PREPARED TO PARDON YOU IF YOU GO ON A MISSION FOR ME.
BRING ME PRINCESS HELENA.
IF YOU SUCCEED, YOUR REWARD WILL BE THE HORSE WITH THE GOLDEN MANE!
VERY WELL!
PRINCESS HELENA IS THE DAUGHTER OF TSAR DOLMAT.
TAKE ME TO HIS CASTLE.
IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE THEY WERE AT THE GATES OF THE KINGDOM OF TSAR DOLMAT, THE FATHER OF PRINCESS HELENA.
THIS TIME I WILL GO IN. YOU STAY HERE.
SOON —
GET ON MY BACK! QUICKLY!

GREYWOLF, THE PRINCESS IS UNCONSCIOUS.
SHE FAINTED WHEN SHE SAW ME.

SHE WILL SOON REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS.

AND SURE ENOUGH—
WHO ARE YOU AND WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?
I AM PRINCE IVAN AND I AM TAKING YOU TO TSAR KUSMAN.


HE WANTS TO MARRY YOU!
BUT... BUT...
GREYWOLF RAN AS FAST AS HE COULD...

...AND SOON THEY WERE IN TSAR KUSMAN'S TERRITORY.
GO AND DELIVER THE PRINCESS TO THE TSAR.

I CANNOT PART WITH HER, GREYWOLF.

THEY HAVE GROWN FOND OF EACH OTHER. I MUST HELP THEM OUT...
BUT IS GREYWOLF ABLE TO HELP IVAN?

THE FIREBIRD

Part – II

TINKLE

WHEN THEY REACHED TSAR AFRON'S CASTLE—
IVAN, GO IN AND GIVE THE TSAR THE HORSE AND GET THE FIREBIRD IN EXCHANGE.
I'VE GROWN SO FOND OF THE HORSE THAT...

SAY NO MORE!

AND —
AMAZING!

NOW TRADE ME FOR THE FIREBIRD....

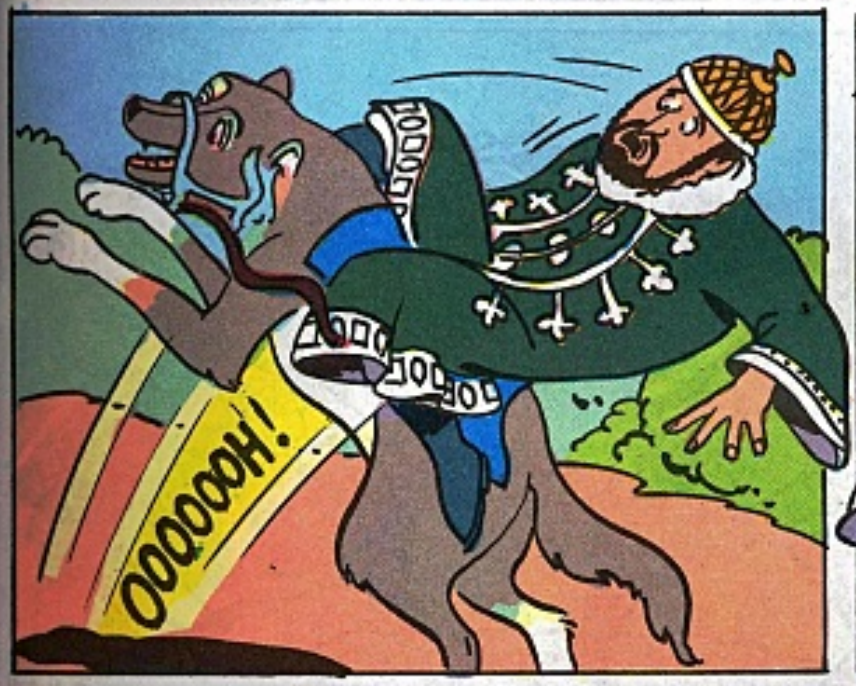
SOON —
HERE! NOW EXCUSE ME... I WISH TO GO FOR A RIDE!

IVAN RETURNED TO HELENA WHILE TSAR AFRON WENT RIDING ON THE HORSE WITH THE GOLDEN MANE.
IVAN WILL SOON THINK OF ME.

YES, I AM CHANGING BACK INTO...

W-WHO ARE YOU?
GREYWOLF!!

TSAR AFRON CAN'T RIDE A WOLF!
THEN GET OFF MY BACK.


OOOOOOH!

THUD

GREYWOLF SOON CAUGHT UP WITH IVAN AND HELENA.
IVAN, YOU HAVE THE FIREBIRD, THE WONDERFUL HORSE AND THE FAIR HELENA. NOW I MUST TAKE YOUR LEAVE.
I WILL MISS YOU, GREYWOLF!

I HOPE WE MEET AGAIN
WE WILL.
THANKING GREYWOLF, IVAN RODE AWAY WITH THE PRINCESS.

AFTER SOME TIME —
I AM VERY TIRED. LET US REST FOR A WHILE.
VERY WELL!

THE LONG JOURNEY HAD EXHAUSTED THEM AND SOON BOTH OF THEM WERE FAST ASLEEP.
BROTHER, LOOK! IT IS IVAN AND HE HAS GOT THE FIREBIRD...
... AND ALSO A MAGNIFICENT HORSE AND A BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS.

FATHER WILL SURELY MAKE HIM HIS HEIR NOW!
NOT WHILE I LIVE!

IVAN!!

WHEN HE CAME AROUND IVAN COULD NOT REMEMBER ANYTHING. HE HAD LOST HIS MEMORY.
WHO AM I?

HE BEGAN TO WANDER AROUND THE COUNTRYSIDE. THEN ONE DAY—
I... I THINK I KNOW THAT ANIMAL. IT... IT'S...

... GREYWOLF! NOW I REMEMBER EVERYTHING.
GET UP ON MY BACK IVAN, WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME.

GREYWOLF TOOK IVAN TO HIS FATHER'S KINGDOM.
AS THEY NEARED THE PALACE—
THE WHOLE KINGDOM SEEMS TO BE REJOICING.
TODAY VASSILY WILL MARRY THE PRINCESS HELENA BY FORCE. YOU MUST STOP THE MARRIAGE AND SAVE HER.

IVAN RUSHED INTO THE PALACE.
IVAN, MY SON! I AM SO HAPPY TO SEE YOU!
IVAN! IT'S TIME YOU TOLD YOUR FATHER ABOUT YOUR BROTHERS' MISDEEDS! I COULD NOT, AS THEY NEVER LET ME TALK TO HIM.

WHAT IS SHE TALKING ABOUT? TELL ME THE TRUTH, IVAN!
YES, FATHER
AND IVAN TOLD HIS FATHER EVERYTHING.

THE TSAR FLEW INTO A RAGE.
YOU RASCALS! YOU TWO ARE BANISHED FROM MY KINGDOM!

IVAN, YOU WILL HELP ME RULE AND YOU WILL MARRY PRINCESS HELENA.
THANK YOU FATHER. BUT FIRST LET ME BRING IN A VERY TRUE FRIEND.

GREYWOLF! GREYWOLF! WHERE ARE YOU?

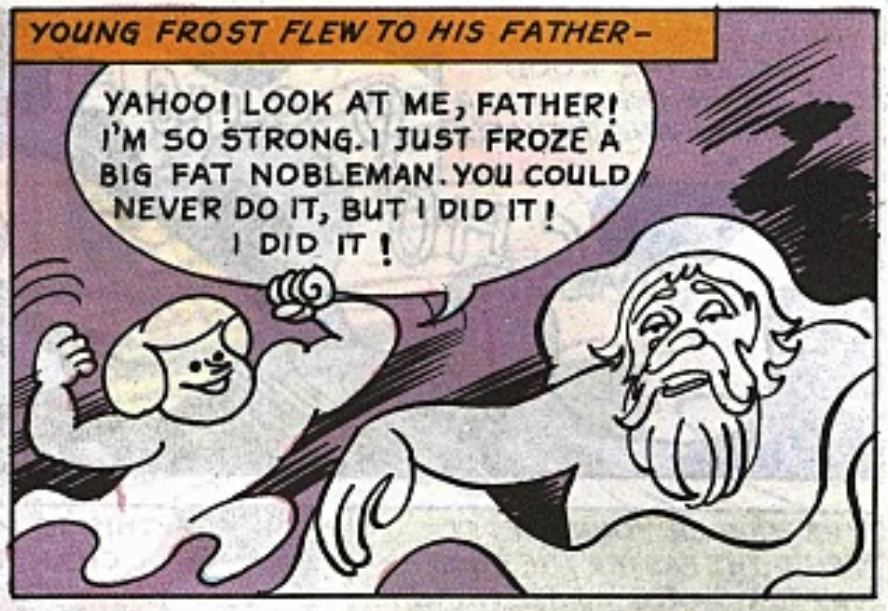
BUT GREYWOLF HAD GONE BACK TO HIS HOME, THE WOODS, TO BE OF HELP TO OTHER TRAVELLERS.

YOUNG FROST LEARNS A LESSON

A folktale from the Soviet Union

Script: Prasad Iyer
Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

I HAVE CHILLED HIM TO HIS BONES ... HEE HEE HEE!


YOUNG FROST FLEW TO HIS FATHER–
YAHOO! LOOK AT ME, FATHER! I'M SO STRONG. I JUST FROZE A BIG FAT NOBLEMAN. YOU COULD NEVER DO IT, BUT I DID IT! I DID IT!

DON'T BRAG SO MUCH, MY SON. DO YOU SEE THAT SKINNY WOOD-CUTTER OVER THERE? GO AND TRY TO FREEZE HIM!

HAH! I'LL FREEZE HIM IN A FLASH, SEE IF I DON'T!
CHOP CHOP!

YOUNG FROST BEGAN TO HARASS THE WOODCUTTER. HE FLEW UP AND TICKLED HIS NOSE...

...THEN HE FLEW DOWN AND NIPPED HIS FEET...
BRR... IT'S COLD. I'LL CHOP FASTER TO WARM UP.
CHOP CHOP CHOP CHOP

YOUNG FROST TRIED HARD TO FREEZE THE WOOD-CUTTER. HE CREPT UNDER HIS COLLAR AND TICKLED HIS NECK.
CHOP CHOP
BUT IT WAS OF NO USE.

THE HARDER YOUNG FROST TRIED, THE FASTER THE WOOD-CUTTER SWUNG HIS AXE. FINALLY—
PHEW! I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL HOT ...LET ME TAKE OFF MY GLOVES.

THIS IS MY CHANCE!

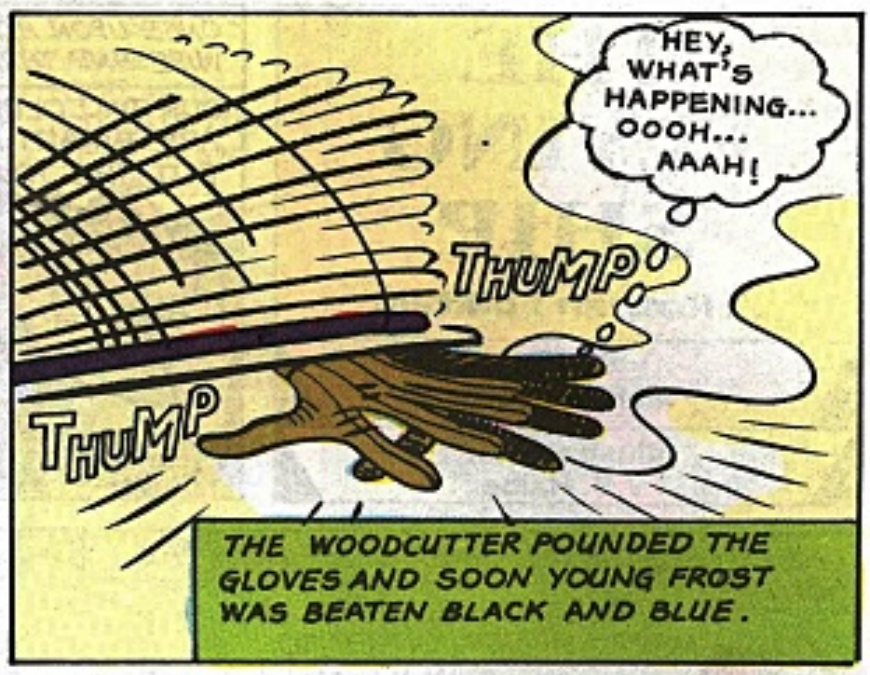
I'LL HIDE IN HIS GLOVES. WON'T HE BE SURPRISED WHEN HE PUTS THEM ON!

WELL, I'VE DONE ENOUGH FOR TODAY. I'LL BE OFF NOW.

EH! MY GLOVES HAVE BECOME AS HARD AS STEEL WITH THE COLD.
AND WHEN YOU PUT THEM ON, THEY'LL FREEZE YOUR HANDS ...HEE HEE HEE.

TINK

BUT I'LL SOFTEN THEM!


HEY, WHAT'S HAPPENING... OOOH... AAAH!
THUMP!
THUMP
THE WOODCUTTER POUNDED THE GLOVES AND SOON YOUNG FROST WAS BEATEN BLACK AND BLUE.

PHEW! I'M OFF! HE'S A TERROR, THIS FELLOW.
ZZIP

YOUNG FROST FLEW BACK TO HIS FATHER.
WHAT'S THE MATTER, SON? YOU LOOK ALL SHAKEN UP!
OOH! AAH! I'M COMPLETELY WINDED, TRYING TO FREEZE THAT WOODCUTTER.

I HOPE THIS WILL CURE YOU OF YOUR HABIT OF BOASTING.

BELIEVE ME, SON. NOTHING GOOD CAN EVER COME OUT OF BRAGGING.
YOUNG FROST DID NOT ANSWER. HE HAD LEARNT HIS LESSON THE HARD WAY.

THE FLYING SHIP

A Russian Folktale

Script:
Margie Sastry

Illustrations:
V.B. Halbe

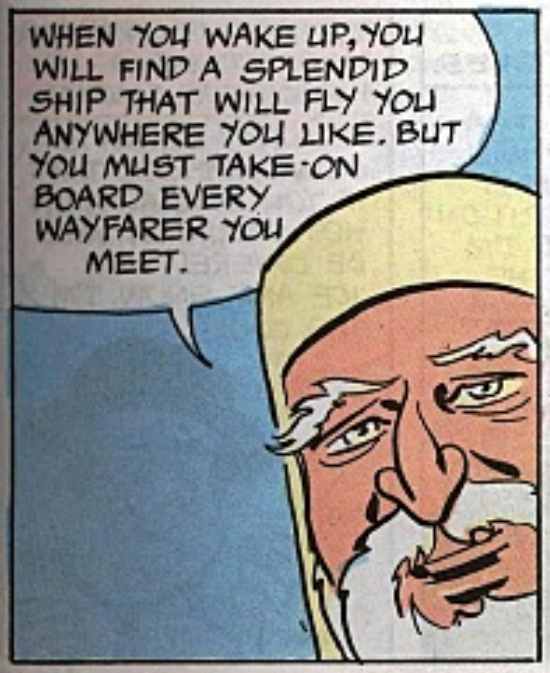
BUT DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU CAN GET A FLYING SHIP?
NO! BUT I AM GOING BECAUSE EVERYONE ELSE IS DOING SO.

LET'S REST A WHILE AND SHARE OUR FOOD.
I'LL GLADLY SHARE MY FOOD WITH YOU BUT IT'S VERY POOR FARE...

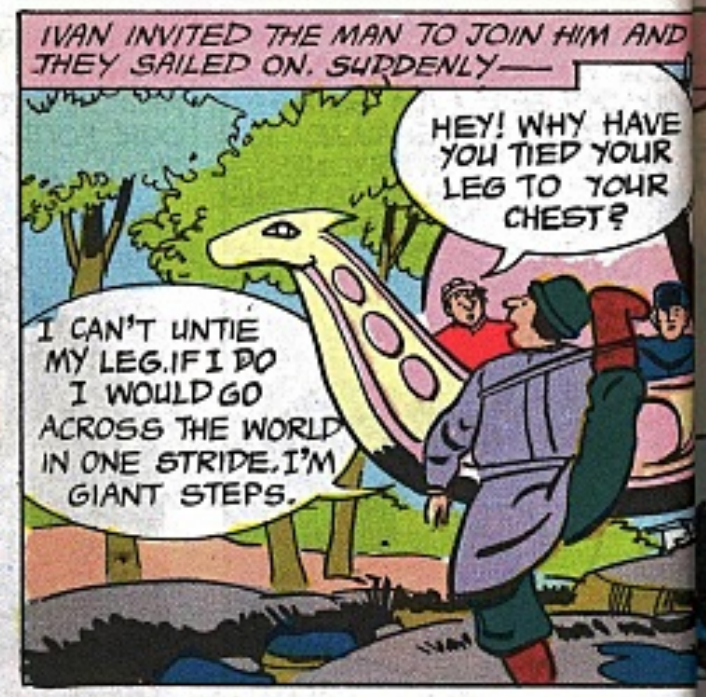
I HAVE ONLY DRY RUSKS AND WATER.
NEVER MIND. LET'S EAT WHAT THE LORD HAS GIVEN US.

WHEN IVAN OPENED HIS BUNDLE—
OH! 'CAKES', 'SWEET-MEATS'! HOW STRANGE!
SEE! GOD HAS NOT FOR-SAKEN YOU.

AFTER THEY HAD EATEN A HEARTY MEAL—
NOW GO TO THE FOREST. APPROACH THE FIRST TREE YOU SEE, CROSS YOURSELF THRICE AND STRIKE THE TREE WITH AN AXE. THEN LIE DOWN AND SLEEP.


WHEN YOU WAKE UP, YOU WILL FIND A SPLENDID SHIP THAT WILL FLY YOU ANYWHERE YOU LIKE. BUT YOU MUST TAKE ON BOARD EVERY WAYFARER YOU MEET.

IVAN DID EXACTLY AS HE WAS TOLD AND SURE ENOUGH—
THE OLD MAN'S WORDS HAVE COME TRUE. HOW WONDERFUL!



* A RUSSIAN MEASURE EQUIVALENT TO APPROX. 1 KM.

WHEN IVAN AND HIS COMPANIONS REACHED THE PALACE, THE TSAR WAS EATING HIS BREAKFAST.
YOUR MAJESTY, SOME YOUNG MEN HAVE ARRIVED IN A FLYING SHIP.

OH! NOBLE PRINCES! TO WOO MY DAUGHTER!
NO, YOUR MAJESTY! THEY ALL LOOK LIKE POOR PEASANTS!

OH, I CANNOT MARRY MY PRECIOUS DAUGHTER TO A COMMONER! BUT THEY HAVE COME IN A FLYING SHIP! WHAT SHOULD I DO NOW?
WHY DON'T YOU ASK THEM TO PERFORM SOME IMPOSSIBLE TASKS.

GOOD IDEA! ASK THEM TO FETCH ME A FLASK OF THE WATER OF LIFE BEFORE I FINISH MY MEAL.

SEEING IVAN DISHEARTENED WHEN HE HEARD THE TSAR'S COMMAND, GIANT STEPS CONSOLED HIM.
DON'T WORRY. I'LL GO IN A TRICE AND GET IT.

GIANT STEPS SWIFTLY TRAVELLED ACROSS THE LAND AND SOON WAS ON HIS WAY BACK WITH THE WATER OF LIFE.
OH! THERE'S STILL TIME, I'LL REST A WHILE NEAR THIS WINDMILL.

SOON HE DOZED OFF. MEANWHILE IVAN AND HIS FRIENDS WERE IN A FRENZY OF ANXIETY.
WHERE COULD HE BE? WHY HAS HE NOT RETURNED?

SHARP EARS BENT DOWN.
HMM! I CAN HEAR HIS LOUD SNORES BY THE WINDMILL ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE EARTH.

NOW MR. BULLSEYE TOOK OVER.
I'LL FIRE MY GUN AND HIT THE WINDMILL.

THE NOISE WOKE GIANT STEPS.
BANG
OH DEAR! I MUST HAVE DOZED OF LET ME RU BACK.

JUST AS THE TSAR WAS ABOUT TO GET UP FROM THE BREAKFAST TABLE —
HERE IT IS! THE WATER OF LIFE!

THE TSAR AND HIS MINISTER WERE IN A FIX.
THEY'VE DONE IT!
NEVER MIND! LET'S GET THEM ANOTHER TASK. I'LL SEND THEM A THOUSAND LOAVES OF BREAD AND 50 BARRELS OF WINE WHICH THEY HAVE TO CONSUME IN ONE HOUR!

SOON—
THE TSAR HAS ORDERED YOU TO FINISH THIS MEAL IN AN HOUR.

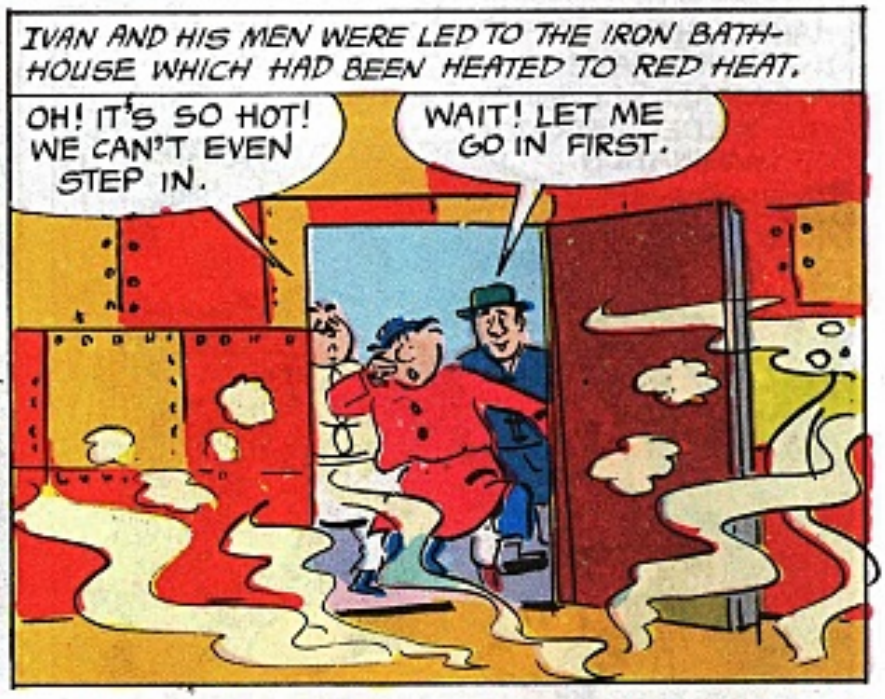
ALL THIS? WE WON'T BE ABLE TO FINISH IT IN A MONTH, LET ALONE AN HOUR.

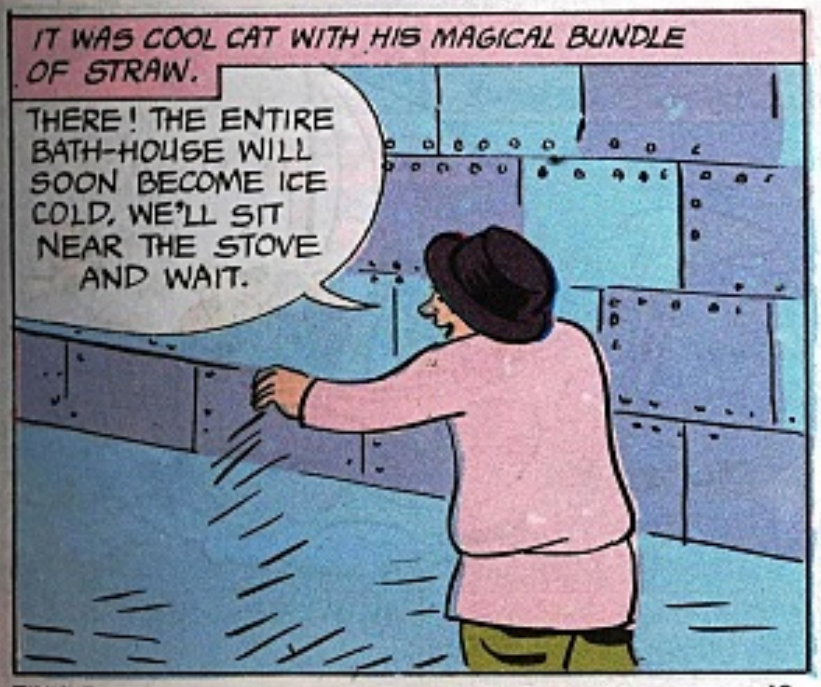
THE GOBBLER NUDGED IVAN.
YOU'VE FORGOTTEN ABOUT ME, HAVEN'T YOU? ALL THIS WILL BE JUST A LIGHT SNACK FOR ME.

AS THE GOBBLER BEGAN TO POLISH OFF THE FOOD, THE BIBBER SAID—
AND ALL THIS WINE WILL BARELY QUENCH MY THIRST.

SOON—
YOUR MAJESTY, THEY'VE FINISHED ALL THE FOOD AND DRINK IN JUST TEN MINUTES.
WE'LL HAVE TO DO AWAY WITH THEM SOMEHOW.

THE CUNNING MINISTER CAME UP WITH ANOTHER PLAN—
THE TSAR HAS AGREED TO YOUR ALLIANCE, BUT YOU MUST HAVE A ROYAL BATH FOR THE CEREMONY TOMORROW.


IVAN AND HIS MEN WERE LED TO THE IRON BATH-HOUSE WHICH HAD BEEN HEATED TO RED HEAT.
OH! IT'S SO HOT! WE CAN'T EVEN STEP IN.
WAIT! LET ME GO IN FIRST.


IT WAS COOL CAT WITH HIS MAGICAL BUNDLE OF STRAW.
THERE! THE ENTIRE BATH-HOUSE WILL SOON BECOME ICE COLD. WE'LL SIT NEAR THE STOVE AND WAIT.

NEXT MORNING, THE MINISTER WAS SHOCKED TO SEE THEM HALE AND HEARTY.
THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN BURNT TO A CINDER.
OHH!

QUICKLY HE RECOVERED HIS WITS—
YOU MUST COME FOR THE WEDDING CEREMONY WITH A COMPLETE BATTALION OF SOLDIERS. THAT'S THE FINAL CONDITION.

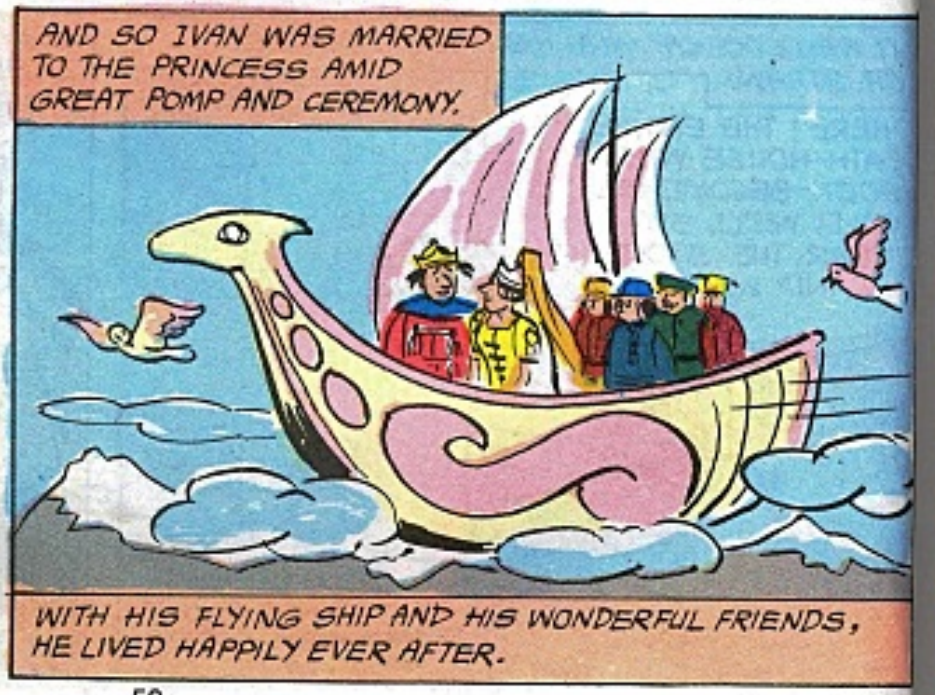
THE MINISTER GAILY WENT TO REPORT TO THE TSAR.
THEY SURVIVED THE BATH-HOUSE ORDEAL. BUT I'VE GIVEN THEM AN IMPOSSIBLE TASK. THEY MUST PRODUCE A BATTALION OF SOLDIERS.
HOW CLEVER OF YOU! THEY CAN NEVER PRODUCE AN INSTANT ARMY!

IVAN THOUGHT SO TOO—
NOW I'M STUCK! WE MIGHT AS WELL FLY BACK HOME!
DON'T GIVE UP. WE ARE ALL WITH YOU!

HAH! EIGHT OF US DON'T MAKE A BATTALION EVEN BY THE WILDEST STRETCH OF IMAGINATION.
YOU'VE FORGOTTEN ABOUT MY MIRACULOUS TWIGS.

QUICKLY THE FRIENDS SPREAD THE TWIGS IN THE WOODS NEAR BY. NEXT MORNING—
SOLDIERS! QUICK MARCH!

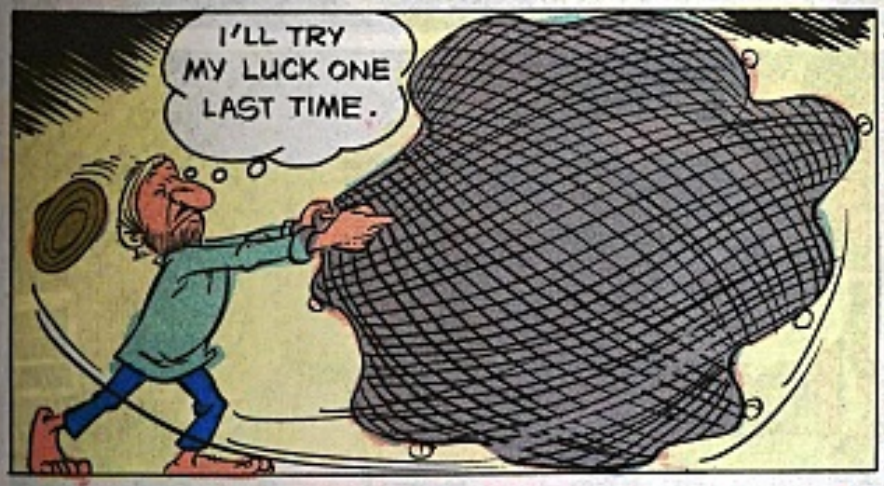
AT LAST THE TSAR AND THE MINISTER GAVE IN—
THIS MAN IS INDEED EXTRAORDINARY!
HE CAN DO THE IMPOSSIBLE. HE COULD DO WONDERS FOR OUR KINGDOM.

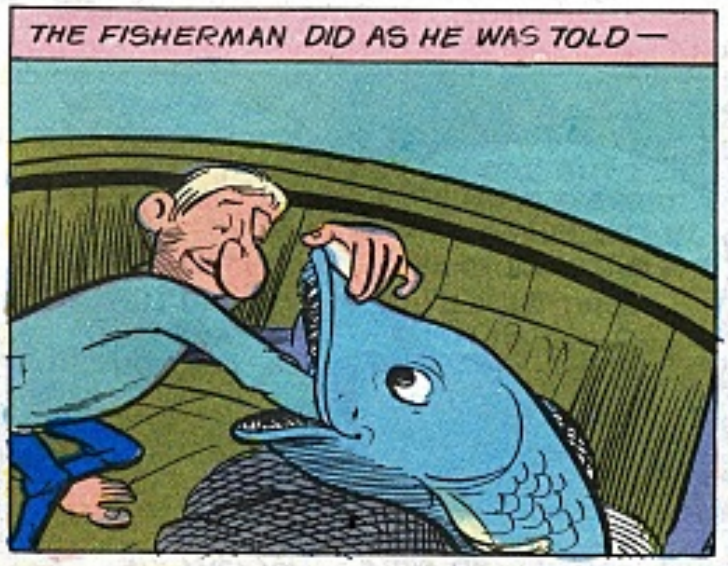

AND SO IVAN WAS MARRIED TO THE PRINCESS AMID GREAT POMP AND CEREMONY.
WITH HIS FLYING SHIP AND HIS WONDERFUL FRIENDS, HE LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

THE GREEDY FISHERMAN

A Russian Folktale

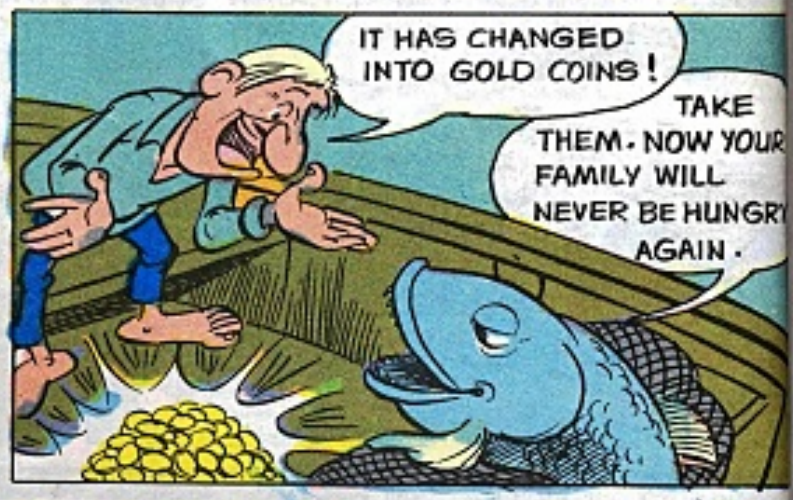
Script: Luis Fernandes
Illustrations: Ajit Vasaikar




THE FISHERMAN DID AS HE WAS TOLD—

NOW THROW THE RING DOWN.

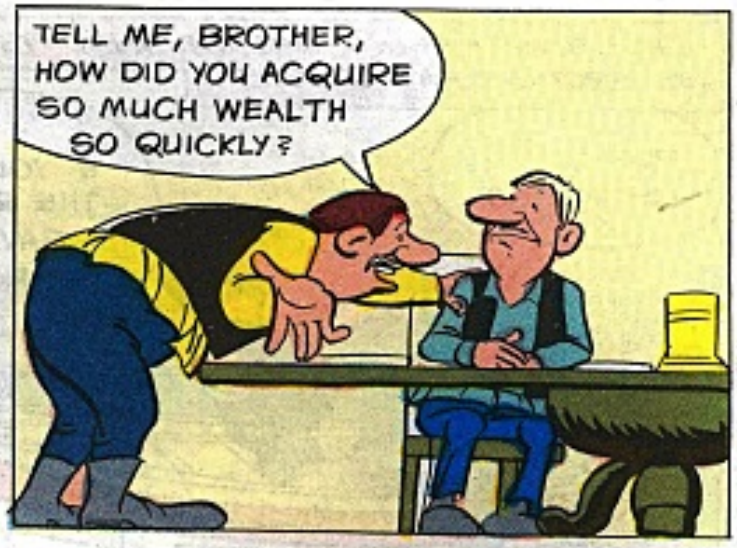
THUMP


IT HAS CHANGED INTO GOLD COINS!
TAKE THEM. NOW YOUR FAMILY WILL NEVER BE HUNGRY AGAIN.

THE MAN THANKED THE FISH, LOWERED IT INTO THE WATER AND BUNDLING THE GOLD COINS IN HIS SHIRT, RUSHED HOME—
WIFE, WE'RE RICH!

IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE NEWS OF THE YOUNGER BROTHER'S PROSPERITY REACHED THE EARS OF THE OLDER BROTHER—
HOW DID HE BECOME SO RICH, SO QUICKLY?
WHY DON'T YOU GO AND ASK HIM?
YES. I'LL DO THAT.

SO THE ELDER BROTHER WENT TO THE YOUNGER BROTHER'S HOUSE—
HOW I MISSED YOU!
SO MANY TIMES I THOUGHT OF VISITING YOU BUT YOU KNOW HOW BUSY I AM.


TELL ME, BROTHER, HOW DID YOU ACQUIRE SO MUCH WEALTH SO QUICKLY?

HIS BROTHER TOLD HIM—
...AND THE RING CHANGED INTO A HEAP OF GOLD COINS...

...I GATHERED THEM AND...
SEE YOU LATER, BROTHER.

THE ELDER BROTHER BOUGHT A BOAT AND A FISHING NET AND WENT FISHING—

HE FISHED ALL DAY BUT CAUGHT NOTHING.ON HIS LAST TRY,HOWEVER...

... HE CAUGHT A FISH. IT WAS THE SAME FISH THAT HIS BROTHER HAD CAUGHT.
PLEASE LET ME GO.
I WILL. IF YOU GIVE ME THE RING YOU GAVE MY BROTHER.
YOUR BROTHER WAS POOR. YOU ARE ALREADY RICH.
I WANT TO BE RICHER THAN HIM.
NOW GIVE ME THE RING OR I'LL TAKE YOU HOME AND FRY YOU.
OPEN YOUR MOUTH!
THE MAN FORCED HIS ARM DEEP INTO THE FISH'S MOUTH...
... AND BEGAN TO GROPE THERE—
SUDDENLY—
AAAAH!
CHOMP
THE FISH LEAPED INTO THE WATER AND SWAM AWAY AND THE MAN WHO HAD COME IN SEARCH OF GOLD...
... HAD A HARD TIME ROWING HOME WITH ONLY ONE ARM.

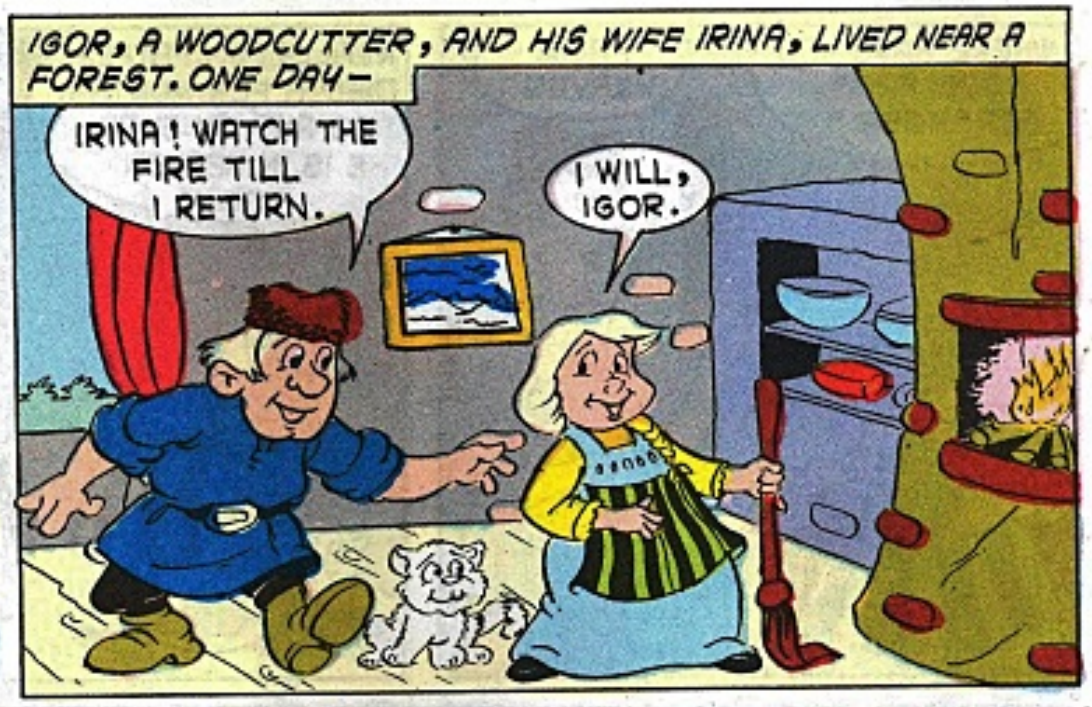
A STORY OF FOOLS

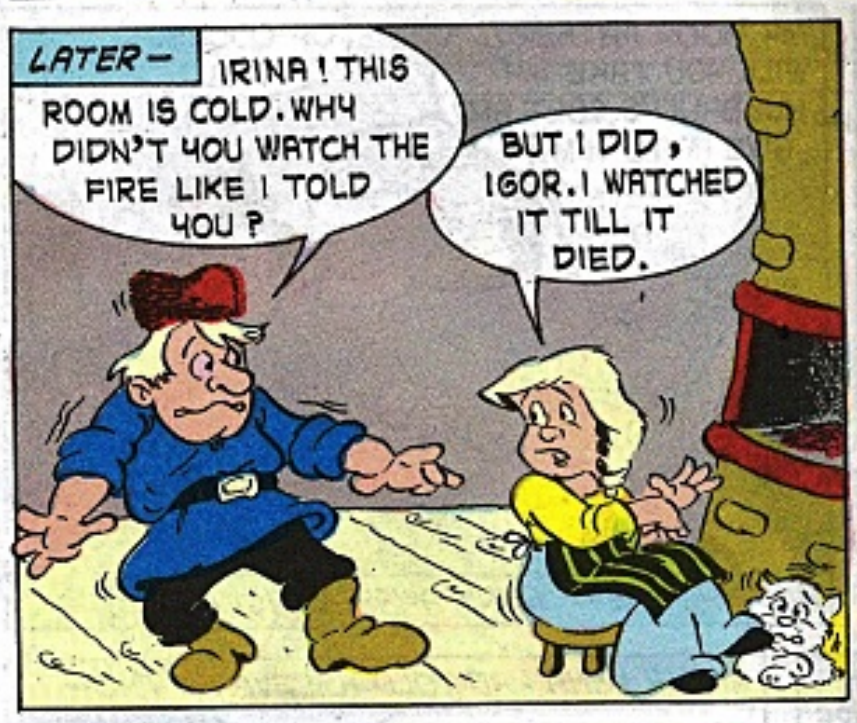
Readers' Choice

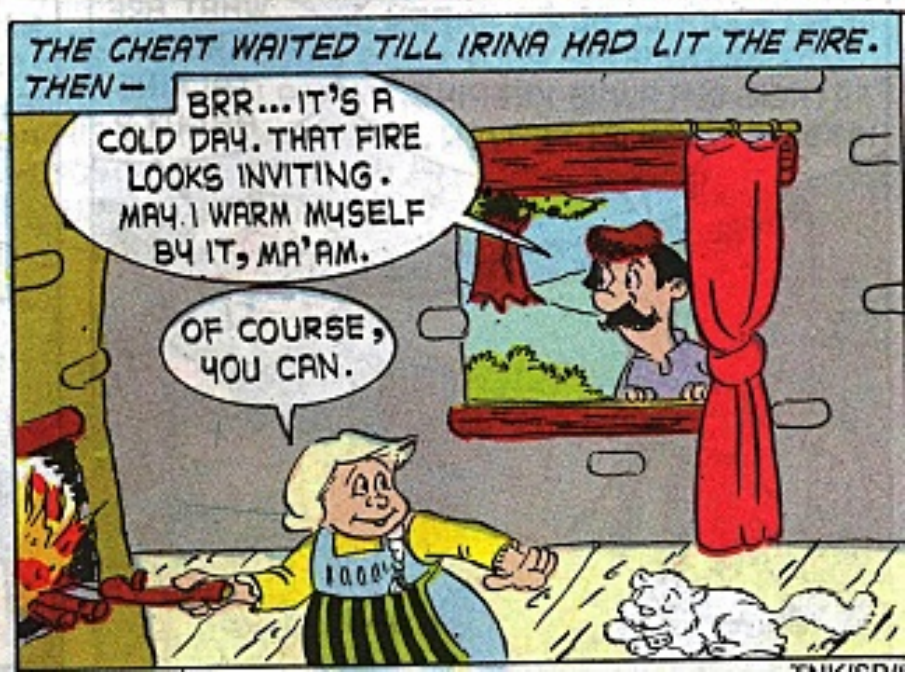
Based on a folktale from Russia sent by :

V.P. Anil Kumar,
Door No. 156, Behind Check Post,
Vidyanagar, T. Dasarahalli,
Bangalore-560 057.

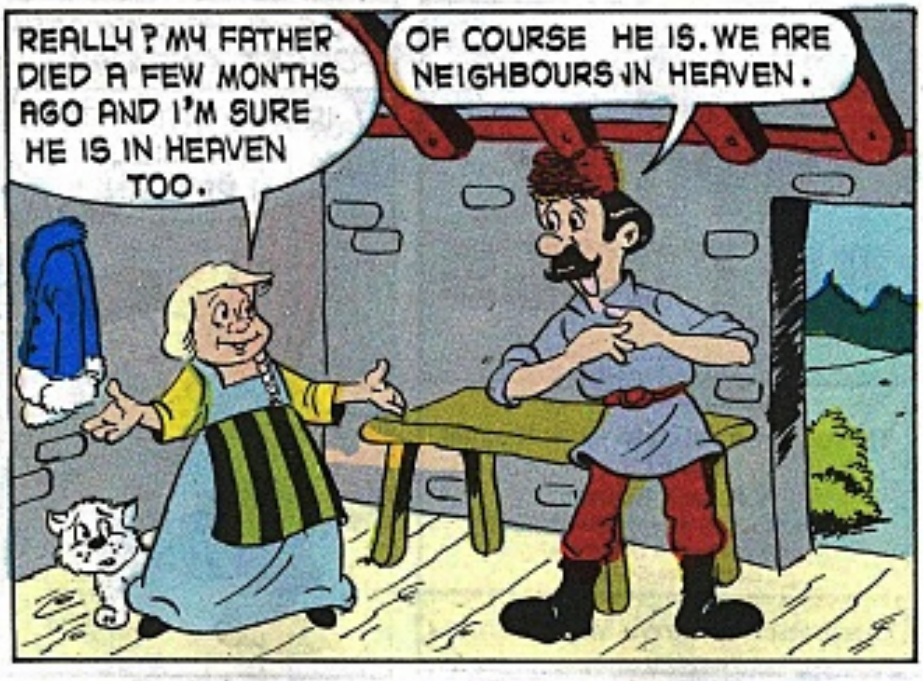
Illustrations : Savio Mascarenhas



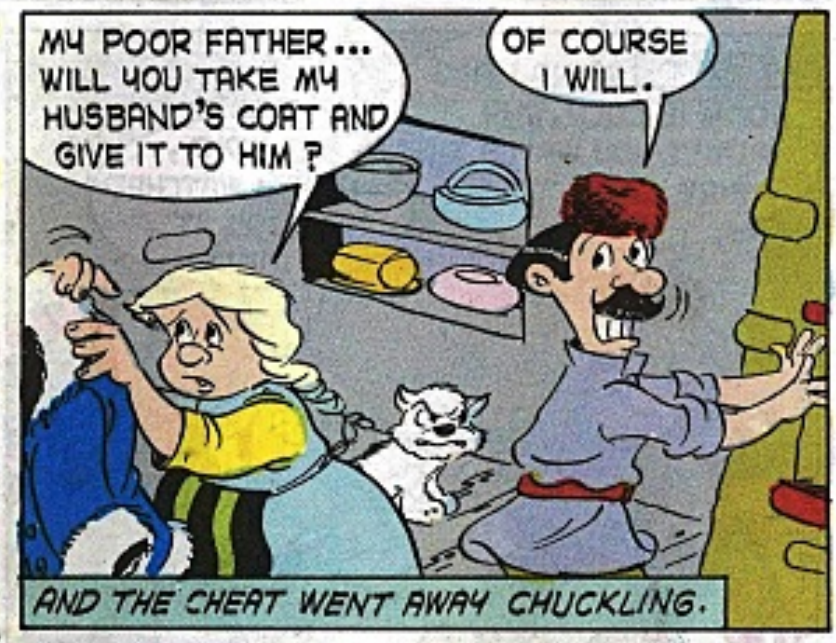


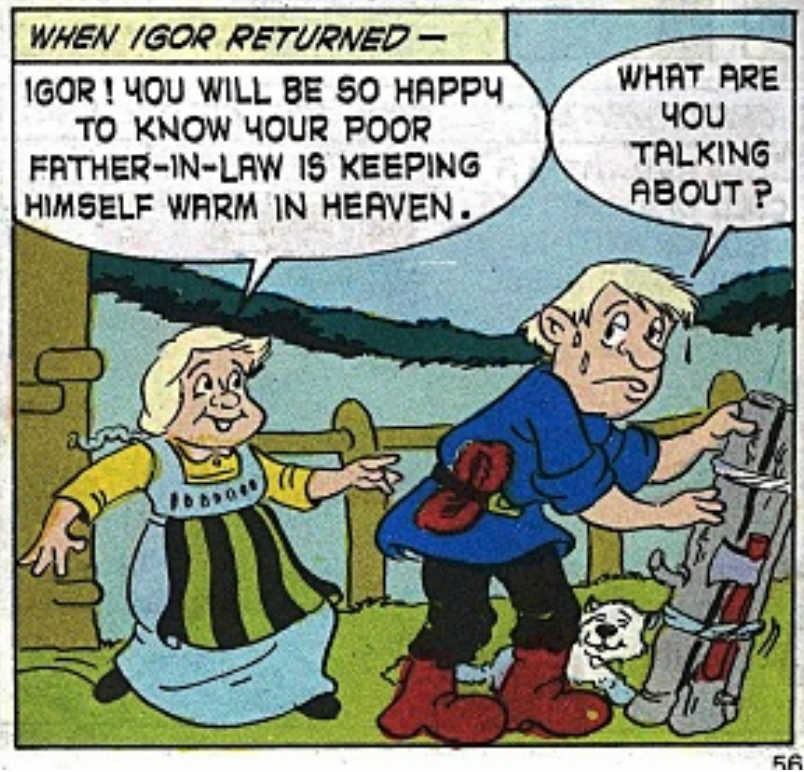


WHERE HAVE YOU COME FROM, STRANGER ?
FROM HEAVEN.


REALLY ? MY FATHER DIED A FEW MONTHS AGO AND I'M SURE HE IS IN HEAVEN TOO.
OF COURSE HE IS. WE ARE NEIGHBOURS IN HEAVEN.

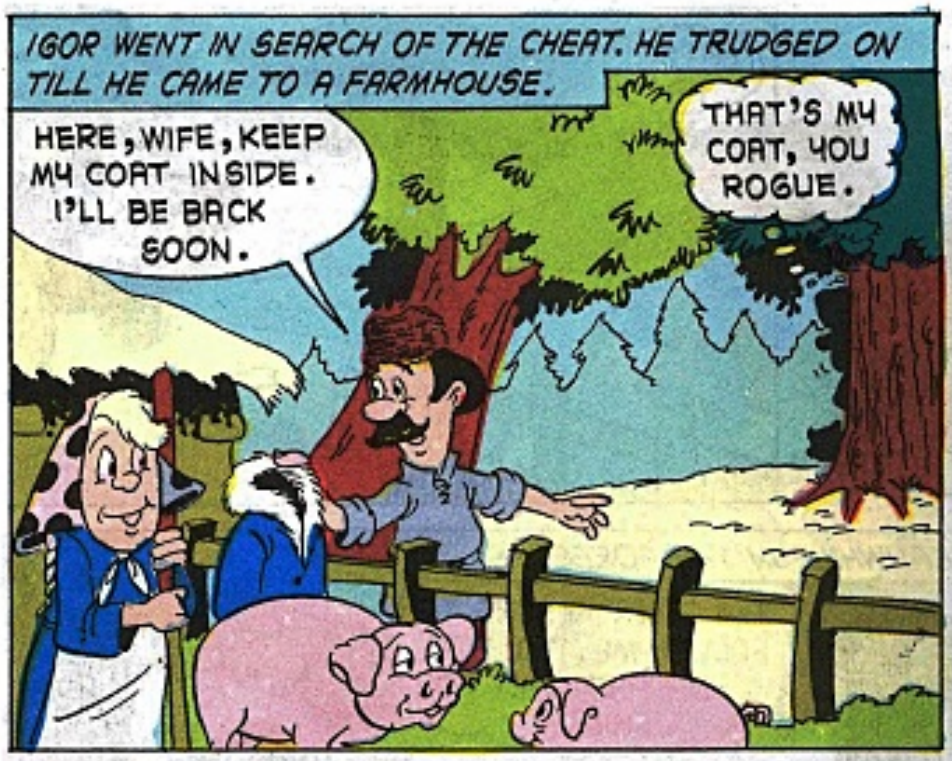
HOW WONDERFUL! TELL ME, HOW IS HE ?
HE IS WELL. BUT IT IS VERY COLD IN HEAVEN. HE OFTEN WISHES FOR A WARM COAT TO KEEP AWAY THE COLD.


MY POOR FATHER... WILL YOU TAKE MY HUSBAND'S COAT AND GIVE IT TO HIM ?
OF COURSE I WILL.
AND THE CHEAT WENT AWAY CHUCKLING.


WHEN IGOR RETURNED —
IGOR ! YOU WILL BE SO HAPPY TO KNOW YOUR POOR FATHER-IN-LAW IS KEEPING HIMSELF WARM IN HEAVEN.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT ?

AFTER IRINA HAD TOLD HIM EVERYTHING —
BAH ! I'M LEAVING HOME. I SHALL ONLY RETURN IF I FIND A GREATER FOOL THAN YOU, IRINA.

TNK/SP/8


IGOR WENT IN SEARCH OF THE CHEAT. HE TRUDGED ON TILL HE CAME TO A FARMHOUSE.
HERE, WIFE, KEEP MY COAT INSIDE. I'LL BE BACK SOON.
THAT'S MY COAT, YOU ROGUE.

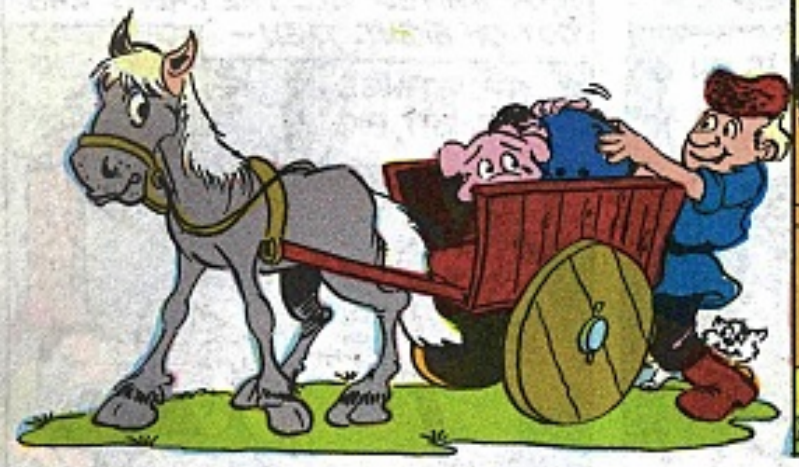
IGOR WAITED TILL THE CHEAT WAS OUT OF SIGHT. THEN—
GREETINGS, O GREAT PIG!
!!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
THIS PIG RESEMBLES MY WIFE'S LONG-LOST BROTHER. WHO KNOWS, HE MIGHT HAVE CHANGED INTO THIS PIG...

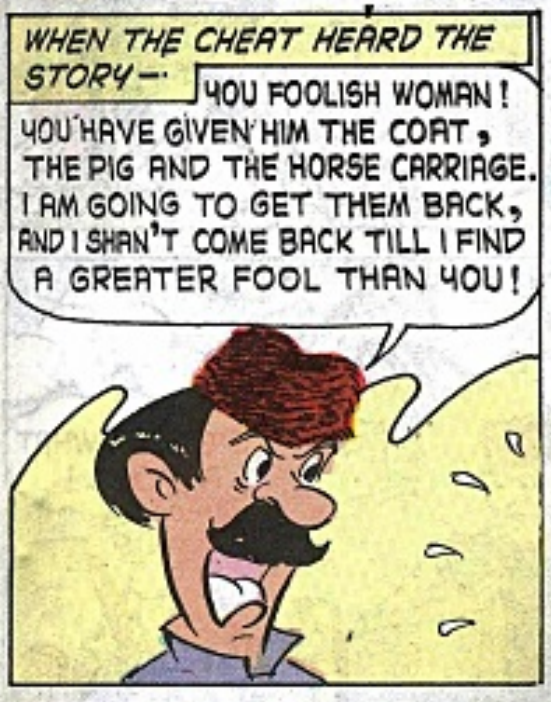
...CAN I TAKE THE PIG HOME SO THAT MY WIFE CAN TALK TO HIM?
GIGGLE! WHAT A FOOL!

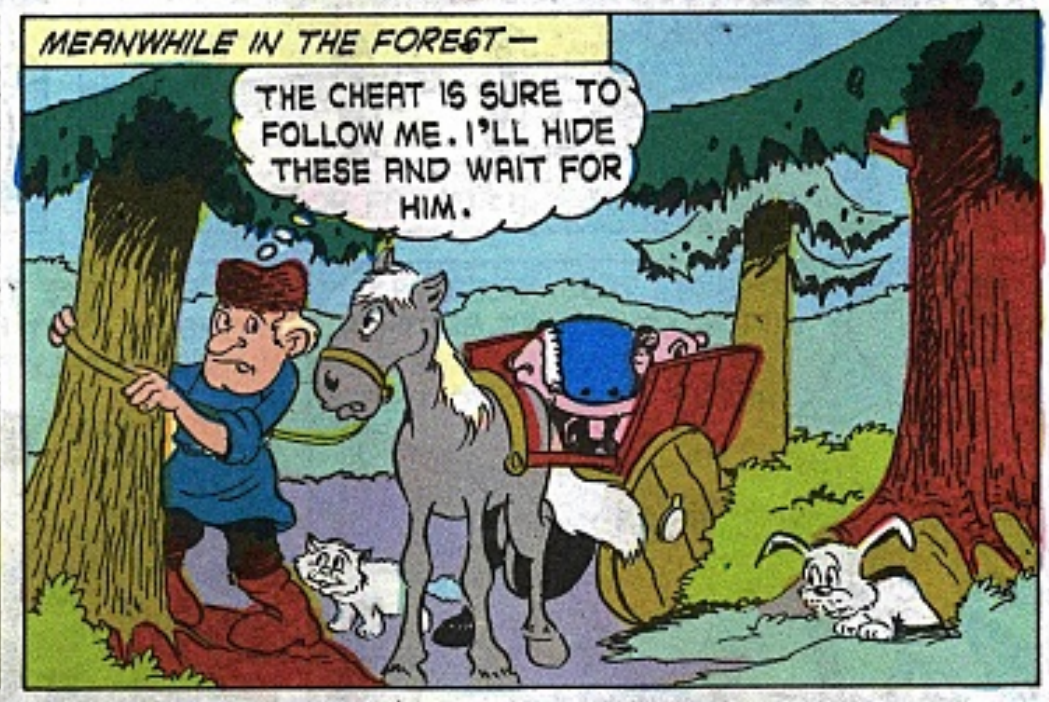
OF COURSE, YOU CAN TAKE YOUR BROTHER-IN-LAW HOME.
THANK YOU. BUT IT IS BITTERLY COLD. MY WIFE WILL FEEL SORRY TO SEE HER BROTHER WITH NO WARM CLOTHING.

HERE! COVER YOUR DEAR BROTHER-IN-LAW WITH THIS COAT. AND WHY DON'T YOU TAKE HIM IN OUR HORSE CARRIAGE?
MY DEAR WIFE WILL BE SO PLEASED.



HA! HA! HA!

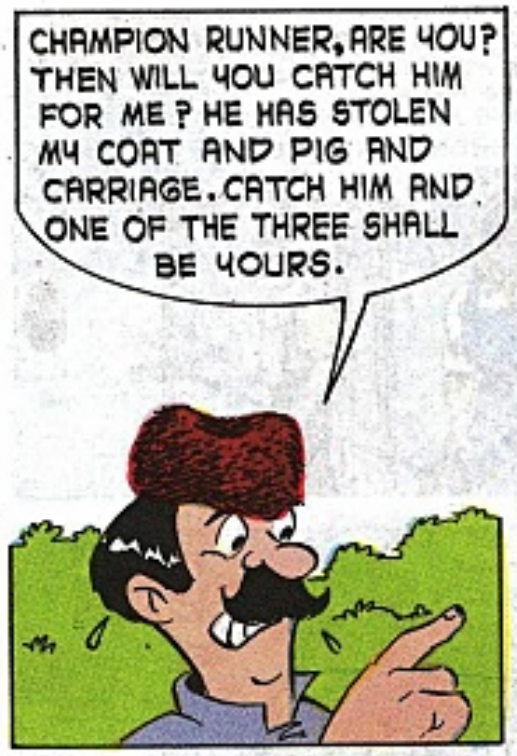

WHEN THE CHEAT HEARD THE STORY—
YOU FOOLISH WOMAN! YOU HAVE GIVEN HIM THE COAT, THE PIG AND THE HORSE CARRIAGE. I AM GOING TO GET THEM BACK, AND I SHAN'T COME BACK TILL I FIND A GREATER FOOL THAN YOU!


MEANWHILE IN THE FOREST—
THE CHEAT IS SURE TO FOLLOW ME. I'LL HIDE THESE AND WAIT FOR HIM.

SOON—
PUFF! PANT! GASP! HAVE YOU SEEN A MAN PASSING THIS WAY?
IN A CARRIAGE WITH A PIG INSIDE? HE WENT THAT WAY.

DO YOU THINK HE WOULD HAVE GONE VERY FAR?
WELL... IT SHOULD TAKE ME HALF-AN-HOUR TO CATCH UP WITH HIM, CHAMPION RUNNER THOUGH I AM.

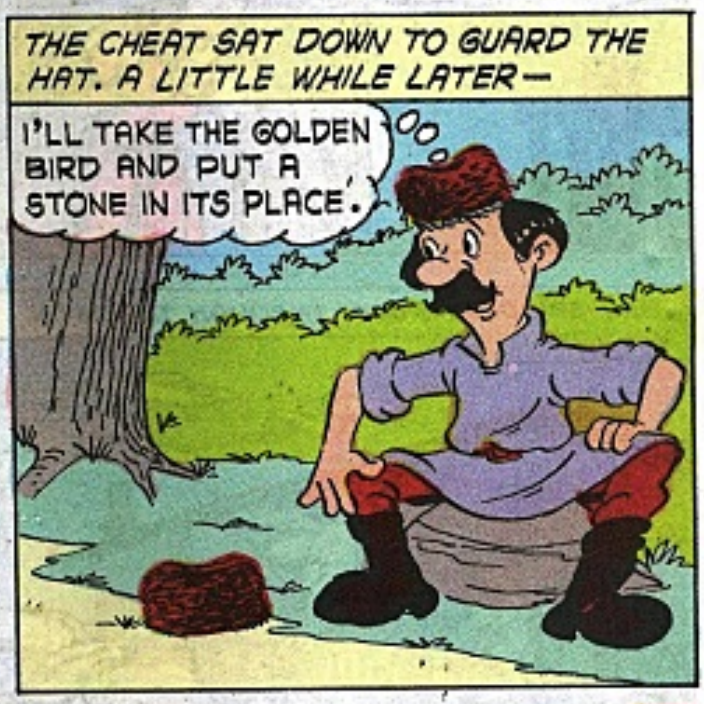
TNK/SP/8


CHAMPION RUNNER, ARE YOU? THEN WILL YOU CATCH HIM FOR ME? HE HAS STOLEN MY COAT AND PIG AND CARRIAGE. CATCH HIM AND ONE OF THE THREE SHALL BE YOURS.

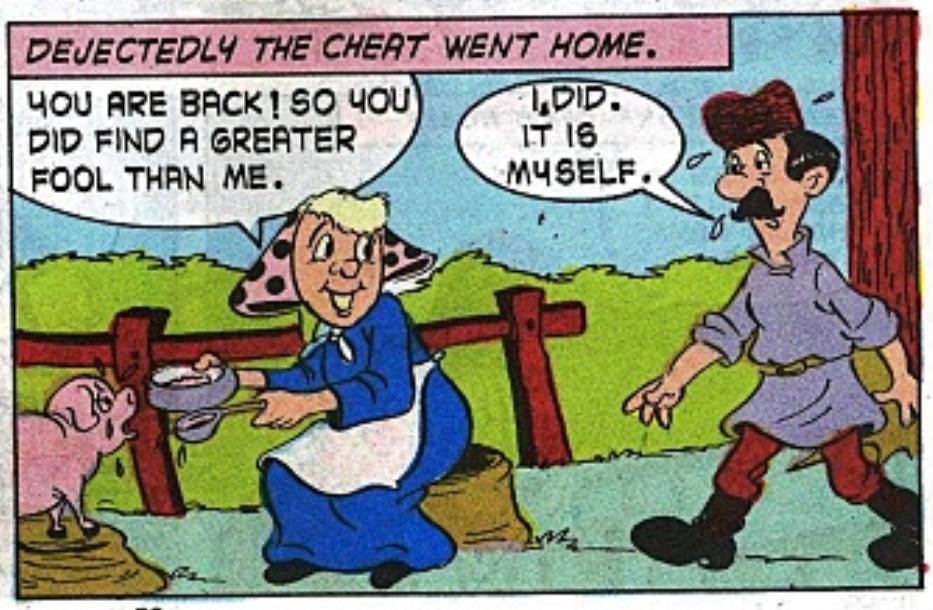
BUT I CAN'T LEAVE THIS HAT HERE.
TAKE IT WITH YOU.

OH NO! I CAN'T DO THAT. MY MASTER HAS TRAPPED A GOLDEN BIRD UNDER IT AND HAS WARNED ME NOT TO LET IT GO. NOT EVEN IF SOMEONE GAVE ME A GOLD COIN.

HERE! TAKE FIVE GOLD COINS AND BE OFF.
I CAN GO HOME NOW! I'VE FOUND A GREATER FOOL THAN IRINA.
AND IGOR RACED HOME WITH THE PIG, THE COAT AND THE CARRIAGE.


THE CHEAT SAT DOWN TO GUARD THE HAT. A LITTLE WHILE LATER—
I'LL TAKE THE GOLDEN BIRD AND PUT A STONE IN ITS PLACE.

HE LIFTED THE HAT CAREFULLY—
ULP! THERE'S NO BIRD HERE. I'VE BEEN TRICKED!


DEJECTEDLY THE CHEAT WENT HOME.
YOU ARE BACK! SO YOU DID FIND A GREATER FOOL THAN ME.
I DID. IT IS MYSELF.

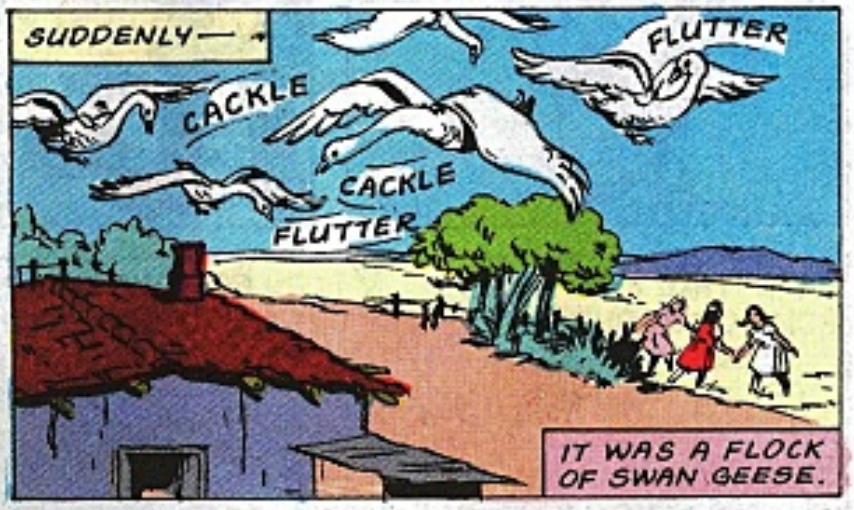
NINOCHKA AND THE SWAN GEESE

Readers' Choice

Based on a Russian Folktale

Sent by : R. Ganesh,
LIC Colony, III Block East, Jayanagar,
Bangalore - 560 011.

Illustrations : Souren Roy



SHE RAN AFTER THE BIRDS WHICH WERE NOW A DISTANT SPECK ON THE HORIZON. SHE CAME ACROSS A HILL.

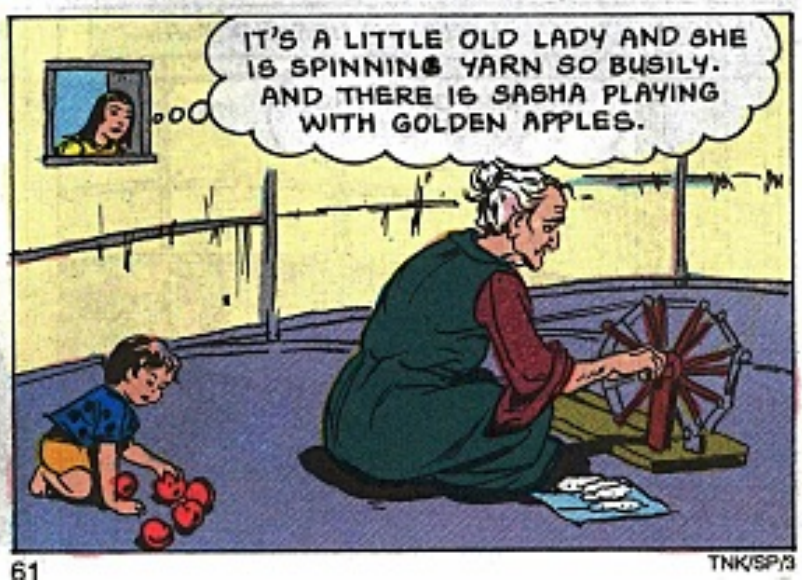
NINOCHKA RAN UP THE HILL TILL SHE REACHED AN APPLE TREE.
APPLE TREE, TELL ME WHERE THE SWAN GEESE HAVE FLOWN.
NOT UNTIL YOU'VE EATEN ONE OF MY WILD APPLES.

BUT AT HOME WE DON'T EVEN EAT GARDEN APPLES.
THEN I CANNOT TELL YOU.

THE LITTLE GIRL RAN ON DOWN THE HILL AND THROUGH SOME MEADOWS TILL SHE REACHED THE MILK RIVER WITH JELLY BANKS.
MILK RIVER, TELL ME WHERE THE SWAN GEESE HAVE FLOWN.
EAT SOME OF MY JELLY WITH MILK, THEN I'LL TELL YOU.

I CANNOT DO THAT. AT HOME WE DON'T EVEN EAT JELLY WITH CREAM.
THEN I CANNOT TELL YOU.

THE SUN WAS BEGINNING TO SET WHEN THE LITTLE GIRL SAW SOMETHING FAR AWAY.
IT IS A COTTAGE AND IT IS GOING ROUND AND ROUND IN CIRCLES. I MUST SEE WHO LIVES THERE.


IT'S A LITTLE OLD LADY AND SHE IS SPINNING YARN SO BUSILY. AND THERE IS SASHA PLAYING WITH GOLDEN APPLES.

TNK/SP/3

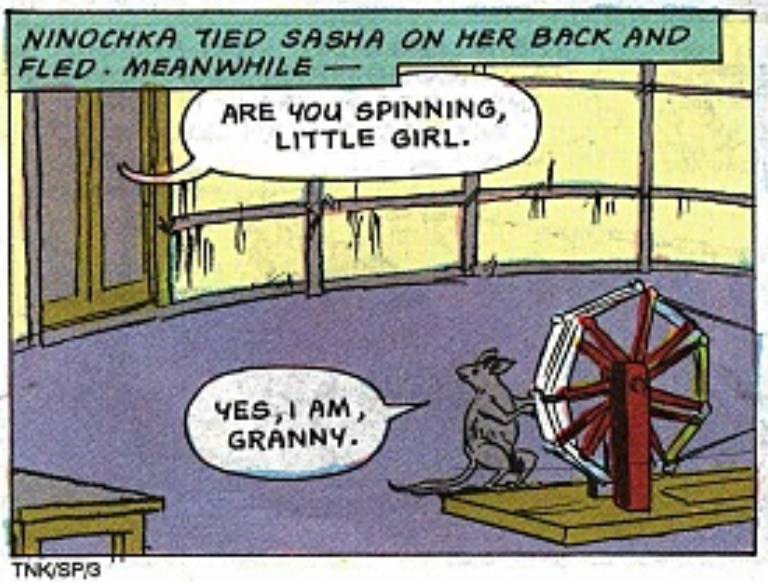
NINOCHKA KNEW THAT THIS WAS NO ORDINARY OLD LADY. SO—
GOOD EVENING, GRANNY. MY FROCK IS WET AND MY FEET ARE TIRED. CAN I COME IN AND WARM MYSELF?
YES, COME AND HELP ME SPIN SOME YARN.
CACKLE
CACKLE

THE SWAN GEESE GO WHEREVER SHE DOES. SHE IS SURELY AN EVIL PERSON.
CACKLE
CACKLE

LITTLE GIRL, GIVE ME SOME BREAD AND I WILL TELL YOU SOMETHING.

HERE YOU ARE.
THAT IS BABA YAGA, THE WITCH. SHE HAS GONE TO LIGHT A FIRE. SHE WILL WASH YOU, STEAM YOU AND EAT YOU.

SO THIS IS BABA YAGA. SHE IS DANGEROUS. I MUST TAKE SASHA AND RUN.
YES, MAKE HASTE. I WILL SPIN THE YARN FOR YOU.


NINOCHKA TIED SASHA ON HER BACK AND FLED. MEANWHILE —
ARE YOU SPINNING, LITTLE GIRL.
YES, I AM, GRANNY.

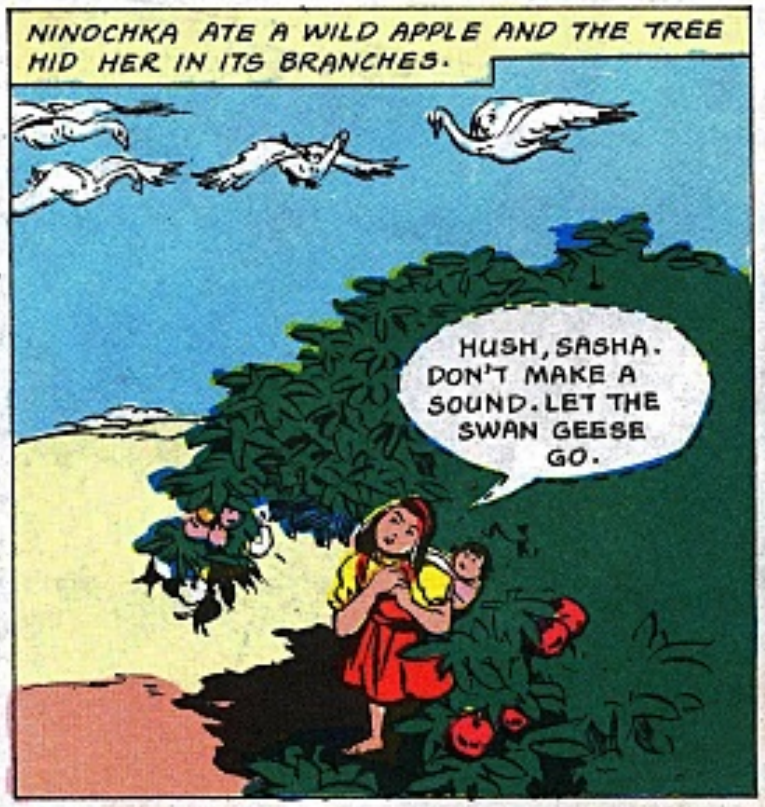
BABA YAGA MADE A FIRE IN THE BATH HOUSE AND CAME FOR NINOCHKA.
EEEE! THE WENCH HAS FLED WITH THE BOY. SWAN GEESE, BRING THEM BACK.
CACKLE
CACKLE

NINOCHKA SAW THE SWAN GEESE JUST AS SHE REACHED THE MILK RIVER.
MILK RIVER, HIDE ME.
YOU MUST FIRST EAT SOME OF MY PLAIN FRUIT JELLY.

NINOCHKA DID AND THE MILK RIVER HID HER AND SASHA.
I HOPE THEY RETURN HOME AND DON'T LOOK FOR ME.

WHEN THE SWAN GEESE HAD GONE BACK—
I MUST RUN FASTER PUFF... PANT... SASHA, YOU ARE HEAVY.

SUDDENLY—
CACKLE
CACKLE
EAT ONE OF MY WILD APPLES AND I WILL HIDE YOU.
OH! THEY ARE COMING BACK. APPLE TREE, PLEASE HIDE ME.


NINOCHKA ATE A WILD APPLE AND THE TREE HID HER IN ITS BRANCHES.
HUSH, SASHA. DON'T MAKE A SOUND. LET THE SWAN GEESE GO.

WHEN THE COAST WAS CLEAR NINOCHKA SET OFF ONCE AGAIN. THE TWO CHILDREN REACHED HOME JUST IN TIME.
HELLO, WE ARE HOME.
PHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE. I WILL NEVER LEAVE SASHA ALONE AGAIN.
YOU HAVE LOOKED AFTER SASHA WELL. HERE IS THE KERCHIEF I PROMISED YOU.

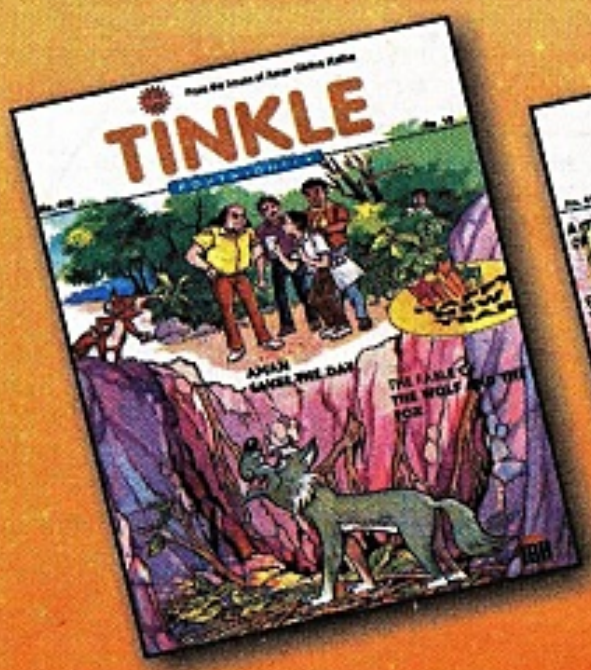
TINKLE

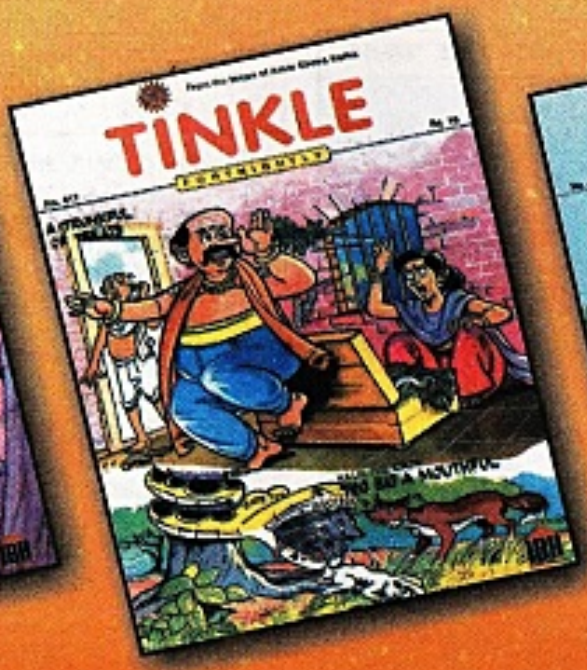
ADVENTURE•FUN•KNOWLEDGE

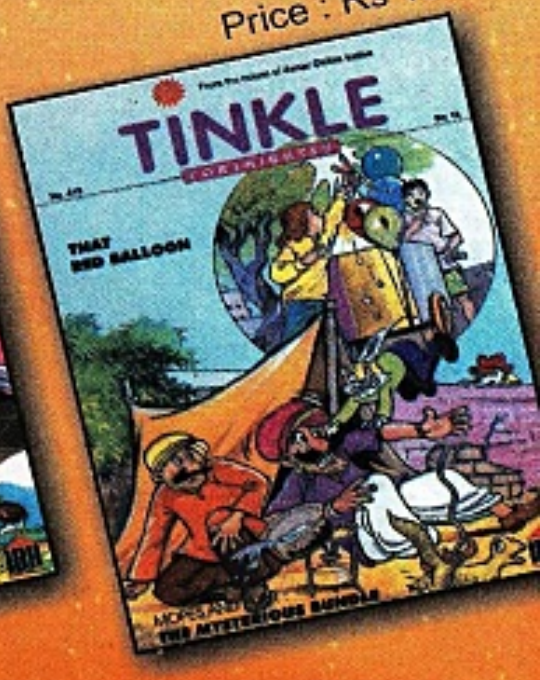
FORTNIGHTLY FOR CHILDREN

FROM THE HOUSE OF AMAR CHITRA KATHA

Price : Rs 10







Published by

IBH INDIA BOOK HOUSE LIMITED

Fleet Building, Marol Naka, Mathuradas Vasanji Road, Andheri (East),

Special Issues and Pancharatna Series are available now.

Special Issues Rs. 70/-

10,001 The Ramayana
10,002 Dasha Avatar
10,003 Jesus Christ
10,004 Tales from the Panchatantra
10,005 Tales from the Jatakas
10,006 Tales of Hanuman
10,007 Tales of Birbal
10,008 More Tales of Birbal
10,009 Tales of Krishna
10,010 Great Plays of Kalidasa
10,011 Great Sanskrit Plays
10,012 Great Indian Emperors
10,013 Vishnu the Saviour
10,014 Ranas of Mewar
10,015 Tales from the Hitopadesha
10,016 The Matchless Wits - Tenali Raman and Gopal
10,017 More Tales from the Jatakas
10,018 Adventures of Krishna
10,019 Tales of the Mother Goddess

Pancharatna Series Rs. 140/-

1001. Stories of Krishna
1002. Stories of Birbal
1003. Stories from the Jatakas
1004. Stories from the Panchatantra
1005. Stories of Rama
1006. Tales of Humour
1007. More stories from the Jatakas
1008. Stories of Shiva
1009. Devotees of Vishnu
1010. Heroes from the Mahabharata
1011. Stories from Sanskrit Drama
1012. Great Rulers of India
1013. Brave Rajputs
1014. Ancient Tales of Wit and Wisdom
1015. Further Stories from the Jatakas
1016. Stories from the Bhagawat

Available at all leading bookstores

IBH Published by
INDIA BOOK HOUSE LIMITED,
Fleet Bldg, Maheswaradas Vasanji Rd , Marol Naka, Andheri (E) Mumbai - 400 059.

AMAR CHITRA KATHA

presents

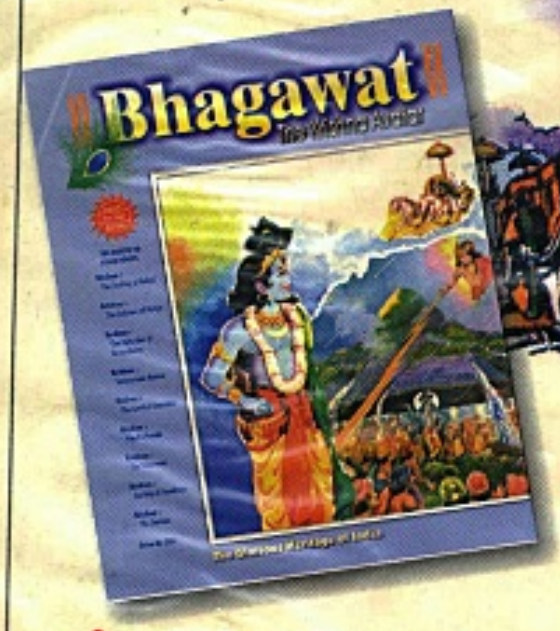
Bhagawat

The Krishna Avatar

Krishna, a central figure in Indian mythology has inspired and continues to inspire poets and philosophers, saints and singers, leaders and reformers, lovers and the lovelorn.

Krishna, the eternal child stole butter and with equal ease, stole hearts.

272 large-size four-colour pages, hard-bound deluxe edition Rs 280 only.



Rs 250 only on individual orders received till August 22, the date of publication. Postage free.

Published by

IBH

INDIA BOOK HOUSE LIMITED,

Fleet Building, M. V. Road, Marol Naka, Andheri (East), Mumbai - 400 059.

Tel. No. : 850 36 50 / 850 39 81 / 856 09 31, Fax No. : 850 06 45, E-mail : tinkle@vsnl.com